

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919.

VOL. XIII, NO. 30.

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

**Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.**
31-35 West Central

?

WHOSE BIRTHDAY NEXT

The last time you had a birthday gift to buy, you had quite a time picking out a present that was "Different."

This time the puzzle feature may be eliminated. You may select from the collection of our Eastman Kodaks.

Also a Nice Selection of Kodak Albums—have you got one?

♦♦♦♦

Let Us Develop
Your Pictures

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.



You need have no fear or worry if your money and securities are deposited with us.

Our vault is protected by a burglar alarm system and is fire-proof. We are also protected by the American Bank Protective Co., and insured in the National Surety Co., the largest in America.

Therefore your money is safe with us under any and all conditions.



VICTORY LOAN QUESTIONS

Answers to the Many That Are Asked of the Committee

The notes are dated May 20, 1919, and mature May 20, 1923.

The rate of interest is 4%—exempt from all state and local taxes, except estate and inheritance taxes.

Interest on the notes will be payable December 15, 1919 and thereafter on June 15 and December 15 and at maturity.

All or any Victory Loan Notes may be redeemed at the option of the United States or June 15 or December 15, 1922 at par and accrued interest.

Installment payments will be required as follows:

- 10 per cent with application.
- 10 per cent on July 15, 1919.
- 20 per cent on August 12, 1919.
- 20 per cent on September 9, 1919.
- 20 per cent on October 7, 1919.
- 20 per cent on November 11, 1919.

The denomination of notes are \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$10,000 and if registered \$50,000 or \$100,000 may be subscribed.

HEART OF THE CORPORATION

The following letter from the Pacific Electric Railway company requires no explanation, but only commendation and the railway company will receive the thanks of a grateful people who may now ride home in comfort.

Thos H. Flather, Sierra Madre, Cal.—Referring to your letter of April 12, relative to crowded condition of the 5:06 P. M. train, on the Sierra Madre line. The necessary arrangements have been made for two cars on this train, and I trust there will be no further cause for complaint.

H. B. Titcomb,
Vice-president P. E. Ry. Co.

Subscribe for Victory Loan Bonds.

LETTER TO CHILDREN

Dear Little Friends:—Do you know that when I asked you for a toy or two for two little children, who had none, I was afraid you would not pay any attention to the request, but I might have known your little big hearts better than that and in the name of all the other kiddies who will get the gifts you brought to the News office, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

The two children, for whom I asked you to give toys, are now each the happy owners of a doll buggy and a fine doll, and if you could have seen their astonished, shiny eyes you would have been glad too, as I was.

I suppose you wonder who brought toys besides yourself, so I am going to print all the names of those who did, also a list of most of the presents they brought. There are too many for me to distribute so I am going to turn them over to City Nurse Kate Brewington, who is not only wise but very kind, and she will give them to children who have not as many toys and pleasures as you and I have.

Again I want to thank you ever and ever so much.

Honor Roll

Virginia Yerxa
Hazel Udell
Daphne Alley
Dorothy Scott
Dale Langeley
Claire Langley
Genevieve Moore
Andrey Hicks
Doris Hearle

Presents

Three buggies, 10 dolls, 2 balls, 4 books, 1 pair rubbers, 5 purses and pocketbooks, 1 top, 1 kiddie-car, 1 coaster, 2 cradles, 40 marbles, 8 games, 1 mouthorgan (new), 1 boat, 6 dishes, 1 slate, 1 knife, 1 knit child's cap, and 20 or more other playthings.

"V"

Don't wait for the solicitor to call on you, but take your Victory Loan subscription direct to headquarters, at the First National Bank.



**Every Fighter
wore two of these around his neck.
DID YOU?
Then identify yourself with the
VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN**

In Memorium

of

THE QUITTER

The people who can, but do not subscribe to the Victory Liberty Loan.

Let Us Make Sierra Madre Among the First Communities to go over our quota. See the committee today.

ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE?

Who put the drag on the Victory Loan campaign in Sierra Madre? We want you only to answer to yourself.

Last week Chairman Nuetzel asked for volunteer workers to report to him at the bank on Monday. If you had come down town Monday and seen a surging crowd of loyal patriots fighting for position in the waiting line—something would have been wrong with your eyesight. The writer heard a score of good citizens proclaim their patriotism and desire to help, but only one, just a single one, volunteer showed up at headquarters Monday in answer to his request. Was it you?

The solicitors report all kinds of excuses, by people who could afford to subscribe to the Victory Loan, but the general trend is indifference.

If the war were still going on and the expenses still piling up, as we expected it to be, we would have bought in that way not only this but the sixth and seventh loan, and perhaps others as well. Its success rests upon the honor and integrity of the American people. They chose their government its acts are their acts and they must fulfill its obligations. Personal honor and integrity will impel most of them. Public opinion should compel the remaining few, who can invest.

When the Government calls upon the people of this country to buy its bonds whereby it may discharge a just indebtedness which the people of this country ordered it to incur, the willing, the patriotic and loyal, who do their full proportion, are not going to submit to an additional burden being placed upon them by allowing a few delinquents to evade their responsibility upon specious pleas that will not bear analysis.

It is not that the war is over, but only danger. War includes production, transportation, financing, the mobilization and demobilization of the Army and Navy, and many other

(continued on back page)

LIST OF VOLUNTEER BUYERS

A List of Sierra Madrians Who Did Not Wait to Be Solicited

The following persons did not wait for a Victory Loan solicitor to call on them, but came to headquarters at the First National bank Monday and subscribed for their bonds:

Harold E. Allen, Mrs. Frances E. Booth, W. W. Collins, Dr. May J. Culbertson, Mrs. J. K. Davis, W. E. Farman, Mrs. L. M. Farnham, T. H. Flather, Miss Alice K. Haig, F. H. Hartman, Mrs. F. H. Hartman, Rudolph R. Hartman, Mrs. Rudolph H. Hartman, Alice Hawks, Miss Daisy Hawks, W. S. Hull, Woodson F. Jones, Gordon R. Langley, Geo. A. Leaming, Mrs. G. A. Leaming, Harry G. Leaming, Miss Margaret Linebaugh, Frank L. Merrill, Carlyle C. McIntyre, Charles Mullin, Mrs. E. W. Newton, Arthur W. Nobles, F. W. Nuetzel, Mrs. Frances Sadler, Jas. E. Sadler, H. W. Sander, Rev. W. C. Shaw, Mrs. W. C. Shaw, Mrs. J. J. Snow, Sierra Madre Tel. & Tel. Co., F. P. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Steinberger, Convers Twycross, Keith M. Walker, J. F. Whiting, Rev. Fr. Francis Woodcutter, Mrs. Ida M. Yerxa.

"V"

FUND FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE

Additional subscribers:

George Humphries \$5.00; Dr. R. H. Mackerras \$5.00; C. C. Nourse, \$5.00; J. D. Mackerras, \$5.00; Chas. Brooks, \$2.00; W. S. Douglas, \$1.00; Luther Gilson, \$1.00; F. P. Conard, \$25.00; Arthur Johnson, Sr., \$3.00; Arthur Johnson Jr. \$2.00; E. H. Vannier \$3.00; Miss Munson, \$1.00; Rev. H. M. Fegers, \$3.00; Dr. John M. Lee, \$2.00; Preston Schwartz, \$2.00; Jno. Skvarla \$1.00; G. R. Duncan \$1.00; Mrs. J. E. Blumer \$5.00. Total to date \$176.00.

"V"

It's up to all of us to see that Sierra Madre goes over the top with Victory Loan Bonds.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE

The Modern Singer Sewing Machine with Electric Power Attachment is the absolute perfection in mechanical construction. Practically indestructible and lasts a lifetime. The first cost is little more, but cheapest in the long run. Call for demonstration.

A few machines for rent.

BERGIEN BROS.

FERN LODGE

in the Big Santa Anita Canyon



THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS MOUNTAIN RESORT in CALIFORNIA, BUT WE HAVE HERE ELECTRIC LIGHTS, SANITARY SHOWER BATHS & TOILETS, TELEPHONE, PURE SPRING WATER AND THE BEST BEDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



TELEPHONE US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
G. H. PETERSON Camp Manager, TELEPHONE A-11-4 BELLS



E. D. TOPPING, Propr.
SIERRA MADRE CALIFORNIA

J. F. SADLER & CO.

WOMEN'S HIKING BREECHES—\$3.50

Forrest Brand Woman's Hiking Breeches, made of extra good khaki, \$3.50

WOMEN'S PUTTEES—\$1.35

Made of heavy canvas, the regular land army kind \$1.35

TENNIS SHOES—\$1.00 to \$2.85

Women's, Men's and Children's Tennis Shoes, with and without heel, \$1.00 to \$2.85

BATH TOWELS—25c

Good heavy bath towels, good size 25c

♦♦♦♦

PHONE BLACK 85

J.F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

The Thirteenth Commandment

By
RUPERT HUGHES

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

When Bayard opened the door Clay swept in like a March gale. He flung himself at Bayard and clenched his elbows in his hands and roared:

"Bayard! Bayard! It's come! We're rich! We're made! Eureka! Unedea! Munitions! Wow! Listen! The other night while I was trailing a job in darkest New Jersey I ran across a little clue, and a little man who told me a little secret. The Germans have been getting ready for this war for years, piling up guns and ammunition for Der Tag. The other countries were caught only half ready. They have stopped the Germans on the Marne, but they've been using their shells at such a rate that the famine is near. Their only hope is to buy supplies of us. They're going to dump enough contracts on this country to furnish about a million dollars to every citizen. Their agents are pussy-footing round to distribute contracts quietly.

"The Bethlehem Steel company has gathered in a big lot of them, and I had a tip that the stock was going to boom; so are a lot of other stocks. I'd sell my right arm for a little cash. But there's no market for detached right arms, so I used mine to sign up a few little contracts for placing contracts, and I've plucked them and brought them to you." He broke into dance and whirled Bayard off his feet.

Bayard tried to be patient. "That's all very interesting, Clay, but take your delusions down to Bellevue, where they'll put you in the right cell. What can you or I do with ammunition contracts?"

"Accept 'em, you blamed jilt! Open up your old shut-up factory and get busy."

"We have no machinery for making ammunition."

"Get it, then, or adapt your machinery! They need millions of each article, for there are millions of men in the field using up what they've got so fast that it's only a matter of weeks before they'll be desperate."

Bayard began to see the scheme—also the obstacles. "But it takes money to make those things. Where will we get the cash for the pay rolls and the raw materials?"

"From the banks! The banks are bursting open with idle money; it's rotting on their hands!"

Bayard went aglow with the realization of the opportunity. He began to tremble at the vision of the sudden avalanches of wealth pouring down the bleak mountains of despair. He could hear the roar of the Niagaras of gold.

Daphne and Leila came rushing from concealment. Clay's beatitude was so complete that he forgot his resentments and kissed them both.

Bayard was frantic to be at work. He resolved to telephone the president of his company at once and lay the matter before him. Leila cannily advised Bayard to grasp the whip hand of the situation and keep it. She began to dance about the room like a Miriam celebrating the passage of the Red sea.

"The first thing we'll do," she said, "will be to get my jewelry out of the pawnshop and the second will be to buy some more. And, oh, the dresses and the hats!"

This asserted a sobering effect on Bayard. "No," he announced. "We've gone through hades once because I gambled away my reserves. This time I'm going to get a big reserve before I spend a cent. I'll never risk another ordeal like the one we've been through. No more fractures of the Thirteenth for me!"

Leila laughed. Bayard went to the telephone to start the wheels of the factory in motion by summoning the president to council. He paused to ask: "He'll want to know who the foreign agent is you are dealing with? Or are there several? Who shall I say?"

"Wetherell," said Clay. The great Skoda gun that suddenly one day dropped a monster shell in Dunkirk twenty miles off could hardly have caused more stupefaction than the name of Wetherell detonating in that room.

Daphne snatched her hand from Clay's. Bayard sprang up so sharply that he almost threw Leila forward on her face. Instinctively he caught her by the arm and saved her from falling. But instantly he flung her arm from him in a gust of disgust.

Clay gaped at the tableau in bewilderment. He had not dreamed that any of the three had ever heard of Wetherell. He could not imagine the bitterness the name involved.

"Will some kind friend please tell me what all the excitement is about?"

This was not easy. Who wanted to tell Clay that Leila had just been accused of neglecting her husband and her own duties for the society of this very Wetherell? Leila herself was the one that told him.

"Look here, Bydie," Leila cooed and bled, "don't you think you've done enough? You've shown me that you don't trust me and you've ordered Mr. Wetherell never to come near me again. But enough without per-

garing us all for spite? What else is it but cheap, nasty spite?"

"It's a great deal more than spite," Bayard groaned. "Do you think I'll accept favors from a man who has been courting you and got caught at it? I'd rather starve!"

"Well, I wouldn't!" Leila averred. "And I'm not going to starve. And I'm not going to let you commit harikari on Wetherell's doorstep just to spite him. I tell you again, once for all, there was nothing wrong in Wetherell's behavior, absolutely nothing. It's outrageous that you should accuse me of such horrible things."

So Bayard was coerced into having his life saved by his enemy. It was one thing, however, to consent to deal with Wetherell, and another to devise a tolerable reconciliation.

"Well," Bayard sighed, "beggars can't be choosers. If I'd saved my money I shouldn't have to take Wetherell's money."

Bayard called up the president of his company at the office. His oration made a huge success. Bayard began to smile to himself, to wink at the spectators, and finally to share in the apparent rapture of his distant ear-to-ear.

The end of the matter was that when Bayard left the telephone he was a new man. He had cunningly raised his chief's hopes to the highest degree, yet withheld the name of the English agent. He explained that he intended to take Leila's advice and use his knowledge as a lever for his own advancement and Clay's.

Clay and Bayard sat down to make figures, and the talk grew too technical for the women to endure. After hearing the first music of Bayard and Clay chanting in hundreds of thousands of dollars Daphne stole out unheeded and went up to her own room.

Mr. Chivvis was sitting by a window in mournful idleness. Mrs. Chivvis was stitching away at her embroidery. She was cheerful—for her. She told Daphne that she had found a market for her needlework; the prices were poor but they were real. She advised Daphne to get to work with her.

Daphne had not the courage to say that her brother and her betrothed were about to become plutocrats. She said only that she was very tired. And there is no more exhausting drain on the nerves than their response to unexpected good news. It is more fatiguing than bad. She was surprised and shocked, too, to find how snobbish she was all of a sudden about the petty earnings of a Chivvis.

CHAPTER XXII.

In those days the United States of America suddenly woke to the fact that they could pull themselves out of bankruptcy by helping the benighted states of Europe into it.

There were sudden geysers of fortune and sudden collapses of failure. As in bonanza times, many were ruined, while the few prospered. But Clay and Bayard seemed to touch nothing that did not turn to gold. Bayard had gained immense prestige



So Bayard Was Coerced Into Having His Life Saved by His Enemy.

with his firm because of the huge orders he brought in. He took all the power that was accorded and grasped for more. His most reckless audacities were rewarded with success. He rode a tidal wave and swam with it so well that all his progress seemed to be due to his own power.

Bayard astounded Dutilh with the solution of that old account, and with a cash payment for new gowns in celebration of his new glory. He did not forget his own people. He telegraphed his mother a thousand dollars and almost slew her with amazement. He telegraphed his father simply the price of a railroad ticket to New York and a peremptory summons to take the first train east.

When Daphne heard this she had to sit down to keep from falling down. Bayard resuscitated her with a check for a thousand dollars. It meant nothing more to her than abra-cadabra. The whole incredible alteration was a fairy story to her. She made a faint attempt to refuse the gift, but Bayard forced it back into her palm and closed her fingers on it.

She repaid Bayard with kisses till she lost count and embraces till they both lost breath. Then she borrowed from him enough cash to pay her moss-grown bill with the Chivvisses.

Daphne could not wait for the elevator. She ran up several flights of stairs, scratched the door with her pained latchkey and flung herself into Mrs. Chivvis' arms and kissed her—even Mrs. Chivvis. Her apology was the money for the bill. She flaunted before her the check bearing the heavenly legend commanding the Fifth Avenue bank to "pay to Daphne Kip or order one thousand and no hundredths dollars" on penalty of incurring the displeasure of "Bayard Kip."

Mrs. Chivvis handled the parchment with reverence, and permitted her husband to touch it. It might have been one of the golden leaves of the sacred Book of Mormon, and she a sealed wife of Brigham himself.

"What are you planning to do with all this?" she said at length.

"I don't know," said Daphne. "What would you suggest?"

"You were planning to go into business. Why not use this as capital?"

"Fine! What business ought I to start—banking? or battleship building, or what?"

"There's embroidery," said Mrs. Chivvis.

Daphne did not guffaw at that. Mrs. Chivvis did not laugh. "I mean it," she urged; "think it over."

"All right, I'll think it over." The novelty of being rich lost its savor with Leila, and the monotony of being neglected began to prey upon her damask soul. She and Daphne forgot their mutual grievances for their common grievance.

"That's the trouble with these husbands," Leila grumbled. "When they're in bad luck you can't lose 'em, and when they're in good you can't find 'em."

"It's the same with fiancées," said Daphne.

Daphne had the worst of it, for Leila began to wander again, leaving Daphne to the society of Mrs. Chivvis, who kept urging her to invest her dwindling thousand before it was gone. But in the environs of noisy riches the schemes of Mrs. Chivvis demanded such prolonged labor for such minute profit that Daphne remained cold.

She began to resent Clay's neglect morosely. The few attentions he paid her only insulted her; his mind was so far away and his heart was all for his business. He was dazzled by the fierce white light of success, and he spoke to Daphne in a kind of drowsy hypnosis. And he spoke incessantly of the details of his business, or his gambblings. He could not see how deaf she was to the very vulgar fractions of his speculations, or the mad arithmetic of his commissions. She yawned in his face when he grew eloquent on the dynamics of wealth, the higher philosophies of finance. And he never knew. He kissed her good-by as if he were kissing a government bond, safe and quiet and all his own.

After one of Clay's visits Mrs. Chivvis found Daphne in a brown study. Mrs. Chivvis explained her own affairs; and Daphne was so exhausted with the sultry problems of love that Mrs. Chivvis' business gossip was completely refreshing.

"I've been down to the Woman's exchange," she said, "trying to sell some of my needlework. They were very nice about it, but it means a terrible amount of labor for a pittance of money. You have to pay them so much a year for the privilege of putting your things on sale there. Then they don't guarantee to return it in good condition, and they don't guarantee to sell it; or if they do they charge you 20 per cent for their end of it."

"I couldn't see any profit in that, so I went to one of the jobbers. He said my style of work brought good prices in the big stores. But they won't pay him much and he'll pay me less."

"I was thinking—There's money in these things and in all sorts of needle things if you have a little capital."

"That's different," said Daphne. "And I've got some capital now. Do you remember suggesting to me once that we might go into business together—you to furnish the brains and I the money?"

"Oh, I didn't put it that way!"

"Anyway, it's true. Well, would you?"

"Land's sake! If you're a mind to furnish the money and the ideas and let me count the pennies, I'd like nothing better."

"Great! What could we go into?"

"What would you prefer?"

"Oh, any old business that will keep me busy and make a lot of money."

"My husband says that you can't make a lot of money without putting

in a lot. That's one reason he has been kept down so. He never could get ahead. That was what we were saving up for—to get a little capital. And then the war came along—and we had to spend our savings. That same war has made your brother so rich that he could give you a small fortune. I don't believe you could do better than to put that into a business."

"Neither do I!" Daphne cried. "Let's!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Daphne was going to be independent, but she was still all woman when it came to the selection of her special trade. She would be a business woman, but she would do a woman's business.

There were ever so many dainties and exquisite that she wanted to hang in her shop. She was going to



"My Husband Says That You Can't Make a Lot of Money Without Putting in a Lot."

have a window! With her name on it! That would be more fun than a limousine with crest on door.

Gradually her scheme enlarged. She would devote her shop to the whole mechanism of the boudoir. "Boudoir-ware" was the word that pleased her.

It was in human nature that the partners should quarrel over a name for the baby before the baby was born. They spoke of themselves as "The Firm."

Finally Daphne, claiming the majority of the power, voted en bloc for "Boudoirware," and claimed the victory. Mrs. Chivvis surrendered with the amendment that "Miss Kip" should be at one side, "Mrs. Chivvis" at the other. She bribed the assembly by promising that a cousin of hers, a young artist living in the Washington Mews, should paint a pretty sign-board on a swinging shingle. After many designs had been composed and destroyed they agreed on this legend:

BOUDOIRWEAR

Everything for the Boudoir.
Exquisite Things for Brides.
MISS KIP. MRS. CHIVVIS.

The cousin painted it well and illuminated it with elaborate initials and an allegorical figure of a young lady in Cubist negligee. It had the traditional charm of a tavern board. In fact, their shop was to be a tavern for women in search of sartorial refreshment.

Troubles mustered about them as weeds shove up in a garden faster than they can be plucked out. Expenses undreamed of materialized in swarms. Everything was delayed except the demands for their money. The petty-cash box, like a sort of perverted fairy purse, emptied itself as fast as it was filled.

The petty cash was the least of their dismay. The grand cash was the main problem. They had stitched their fingers full of holes and piled up reams of fabrics, but the total was pathetically tiny.

One thing was instantly demonstrated. They must give up their plan or go into debt. Indeed, they already were in debt.

"We've got to take the plunge," said Daphne. "I'd rather die than go on paying a year's rent for an empty shop."

"I know," Mrs. Chivvis fretted, gnawing her thin lips, "but it's a risk. You'd better ask your brother."

"No!" Daphne stormed. "I'm going to win out on my own. Poor Bayard is too busy to be bothered with my troubles. He doesn't know I have any. And Leila is so busy with her social business that she never asks me what I'm up to."

"But what are we to do?" Mrs. Chivvis wailed. "We can't go on with our stock, and you have no money left, and I haven't any to start with."

"There's only one thing to do," Daphne answered, with a sphinxlike solemnity. "Buy on credit. It's a case of nothing venture, nothing gain; nothing purchase, nothing sell; nothing borrow, nothing pay. The only way to get out of debt is to go in deeper—like getting a fish hook out of your thumb."

Mrs. Chivvis suffered herself to be persuaded. They visited the wholesalers and the jobbers and were well received, having paid cash before—and, thanks to Mr. Chivvis' suggestion, having been astute enough to demand discount for cash.

And now the motortrucks and the delivery wagons and the cyclecars and the messenger boys began to pour stock into the little shop. It was pleasant not to have to pay for things, though the tips were reaching alarming proportions, and the bundle of bills for future settlement grew and grew.

Mrs. Chivvis made a list of their debts and tried to show it to Daphne, but she stopped her eyes and ears and forbade any discussion that would quench her spirit.

In the swirl of her tasks Daphne almost forgot Clay Winburn. She was too busy to care much. She had no time to mourn. Clay was only one among a myriad regrets, and his affairs could wait. Her business needs could not.

Clay did not come near her. He spent a lot of money trying to get her off his mind. He got a good deal on his conscience, but not Daphne off his mind. He longed for her especially, too, because there came a sudden disaster to his schemes. He was not so rich as he had been. Indeed, he could not be sure that he was rich at all. Any day might smother him with bankruptcy. This fear kept him from Daphne, too.

The bouncing munition stocks that were known as "war babies" had abruptly fallen into a decline. The submarine that torpedoed the Lusitania shattered Wall Street's joy, threw the dread of war into the United States, and set every one to questioning the problem of revenge and its cost.

The slump in the market came at the most unfortunate moment for Bayard and Clay. Any moment of slump, indeed, would have come most untimely for their ventures.

"Kip and Chivvis" were making a picnic ground of the shop. Behind the soap-veiled windows they laughed and debated on arrangements and price tags and show cards.

Mr. Chivvis, still out of a job, acted as maid of all work and stevedore, and grew so useful that they had to put him out. And at last the moment arrived when they declared the shop open, "raised the curtain," as Daphne said.

She waited with a stage-fright she had not felt in Reben's theater. There was no lack of temperament in her manner now. But there was no audience, either.

At night Kip and Chivvis locked their doors and went home, discouraged beyond words and dismally weary in the legs, also in the smile-muscles which had been kept at an expectant tension all day long.

Occasional purchases were made, but unimportant. Kip and Chivvis tried to learn what interested people and what did not. They realized that they had far too much of certain things and far too little of others. They attempted to sell the deadwood by marking it down; but it would not move.

"What do the women care for prices?" Daphne raised. "They are spending some man's money, anyway. They pretend that it's to please him, but they know and we know that it's because they hate each other."

One day a great lady who could hardly squeeze through the door cranked into the shop and spilled herself into a startled little chair like a load of coal. Daphne felt that she was about to die on their hands or ask for an ambulance, but she asked instead for an embroidered breakfast gown from the window.

Mrs. Chivvis fetched it and the old ogress clutched it from her, holding it up to her nose as if to sniff it, but really to see it.

"That's it! That's what I've been looking for!" she wheezed. "Have you got much of this sort of thing?"

"Oh yes."

"Agh, that's good! My daughter is marrying in some haste—a young imbecile who's going over to France to run an ambulance. I'm Mrs. Romilly."

Mrs. Chivvis waited unperturbed for further identification. Daphne had never heard of Mrs. Romilly, either, but she gasped as if she had been saying her prayers at the shrine of Romilly from childhood and now had been visited by the patron saint, whom she had recognized at once, of course.

"Oh yes, of course."

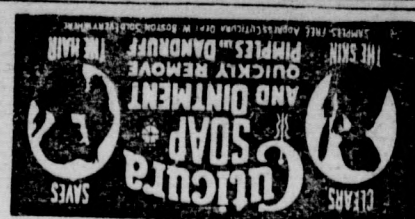
Mrs. Romilly was coughing on: "I've been to several shops, and I was almost in despair until I saw your sign. If you could do a few things in rather a hurry I fancy I could give you a large-ish order. And if the things were at all successful, I could throw quite a little trade your way. You're rather new, aren't you?"

Daphne assented that the firm was quite new. She brought forward an order pad and stood at attention.

Mrs. Romilly had trousséed a large family of children and several poor relations. She knew what she wanted and what she ought to pay for it and when it should be done. Daphne took down her orders as if the little room were the mere vestibule to an enormous sweatshop where hundreds of sempsters would seize the job and complete it in a jiffy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.
All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affection to fight for.



Dr. Pierce's Kidney and Bladder Cure.

at most drug stores, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of tablets.

neuroses, strengthening the whole system, activity of the liver and steadiness to the stomach, which restores the tone of the stomach, wholesome tonic. This is nature's tonic, the blood is run down and you need a

efficiency in the winter or spring when Golden Medical Discoveries. It's always sold by the million bottles as Dr. Pierce's to use form and since then has been

was first put out by Dr. Pierce in ready- extracted from will roots and bark, no alcohol or narcotic. This blood tonic

is still safe and sure because it contains used by everybody nearly 50 years ago an old-fashioned herbal remedy that was

that will do the spring "house-cleaning," listless, one should take a tonic. One

or simply, generally, tired, face pale time to take stock of one's condition. In the winter or spring is the best

too late. Every man should take stock of his physical condition just as frequently as they learn of his financial condition, a rolling hat gathers a lot of mud.

Warning as to Our
Warning Vitality

A rolling hat gathers a lot of mud. a century—Adv.

America and sold for more than half them to regain his health. Made in

throw off the disease, helping the pa- a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, tion in the morning, gives nature

free from coughing, with easy expect- gives the patient a good night's rest, tions, especially lung troubles? It

congestions, bronchitis, colds settled in the all parts of the United States for no successfully for fifty-one years in

When Boschee's Syrup has been used can get. Why use ordinary cough remedies

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Gold Cuff Links

If for any reason any pair of cuff links made by us is not satisfactory, we will give you a new pair.

This is the guarantee that goes with each pair. When you want the best cuff links made, order from us.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY, DAMAGED RADIATORS

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLENE WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.

H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co.
252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

NEVER DEIGN TO EXPLAIN

Japanese Have a Peculiar Philosophy Which Westerners Find It Rather Hard to Understand.

A Philadelphia lady, now resident in Japan, has written to a friend in her home city a letter which the Public Ledger reproduces in part, because it is "so fine in its reading from within of the Japanese nation and nature."

Mrs. Nitobe says: "I am hoping that the light may soon dawn upon the uninformed mind of America in reference to the true thought of Japan. "It is part of the Samurai training not to explain. If you are wrong, show that you acknowledge your error by changing your conduct. No amount of explanation can set the wrong right. If you are right and your accuser is mistaken, time will make manifest the justice of your cause. This is the underlying thought of this particular teaching. It is, I believe, often carried too far—certainly, it may prove misleading to an impatient westerner, and I do not hesitate to say that I have at times resented the situation it has created.

"On the other hand, it is impossible to bare one's soul to the unsympathetic or curiously minded.

"Every man or woman of fine feeling knows that, and the Japanese are singularly sensitive to a sympathetic or an unsympathetic, a coarse or an understanding probing."

BELGIANS PROUD OF CITIES

In Their Centers of Industry They See Embodied the Glorious History of the Past.

No man shall say we love our land less than a Frenchman loves France, less than a Belgian loves his native land. We have our holy cities, Winchester and Canterbury, and a hundred more whose old names are dear to speak. Yet I believe, writes "Londoner" in the London Evening News, that the Belgian has a patriotism of the city, of the town, which we never had.

The story of that love for the city is all the history of Belgium. The history of the freedom and the wealth and the ancient arts of Belgium is in the history of Antwerp and Bruges, of Brussels and Ghent, and Louvain and Ypres. It begins with the building of the town wall, with the market that grows up behind the shelter of walls and armed gates, with the raising of the tall belfry, the town's pride, and the hanging of the bells.

If you were a tourist who could see the glory of old Flanders and Brabant, you would look not at the cathedral or the church, although Belgium has many noble old churches, but at the town hall and the belfry. The like of them is not in any other country.

First to Teach Deaf Mutes.

The first American institution for the education of the deaf and dumb was founded in Hartford in 1817 by Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, who was born in Philadelphia 131 years ago. He was educated at Yale and at Andover Theological seminary, and it was his intention to enter the ministry. Before leaving Andover, however, he had decided to devote his life to the instruction of deaf mutes, for whom no provision had been made anywhere in America. He remained at the head of the Hartford institution from 1817 until 1830, when ill health forced his retirement. The first systematic attempt to instruct the deaf and dumb in Europe was made in 1570 by Pedro de Ponce, a Benedictine monk of Spain. The first British institution of this kind was opened in Edinburgh in 1773.

California Burglars' Original Methods. Burglars attempted to open the safe of the Western Mechanical company. Failing to dislodge the safe doors after burning off the hinges, they broke into the company's garage, took out a truck, hoisted the safe through a skylight with the company's tackle, hauled it to a canyon and rifled it of \$1,500 cash and Liberty bonds.—Los Angeles Times.

Some Proposal!

Edith—So Mr. Brouson proposed to you. Did you accept him?
Ethel—Mercy, no! He's too awfully matter of fact. Why, he proposed by asking me if I felt favorably disposed toward a unification of interests.—Boston Transcript.

Passes on Its Merits.

"Some say that dancing is simply hugging set to music. 'All I've got to say is this: You don't have to set hugging to music to make it attractive.'"
Louisville Courier-Journal.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE PROUD BOOTS.

"Hello, right boot."
"Hello, left boot."
"Hello, hello, hello."

So the boots squeaked and creaked while Eric slept so soundly in bed. They had been put side by side, quite carefully, at the foot of Eric's bed, on the floor.

"Wasn't that the best compliment you ever received?" asked the first boot.

"It most certainly was," said the second boot. "And wasn't it the best compliment you ever received too?"

"Indeed it was," said the first boot.

"We both got exactly the same compliment," said the right boot, which had been the speaker called the second boot, while the left boot had been the speaker called the first boot.

"We did," said the left boot. "Neither of us can be envious or jealous of the other. We were spoken of together."

"In the very same breath," said the right boot.

"In the very same word," said the left boot.

"We didn't have big photographs taken," said the right boot.

"Well, we're not big boots," said the left boot. "We belong to Eric, and Eric is a boy, not a big man. Some day, of course, if all goes well, he will be a big man."

"Why do you say, 'if all goes well'?" asked the right boot.

"It makes my conversation sound so much finer," said the left boot.

"I must be very careful where I walk—that is, I must be very careful how I talk. The words rhyme, you know."

"I know now you tell me," said the right boot, "but boots don't as a rule know much about poetry. We're not high up enough for poetry. Poetry is

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NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."

Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only one who has suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Life may be a grand, sweet song to some, but it's just plain "Jazz" to a lot of us.

Catarrrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the System. Catarrrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

All Druggists Mo. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Not Us.

An old man, rich in this world's goods, who had accumulated ninety-six years of age to his credit, went to a fortune teller to see what the future held for him.

"Sir," said the soothsayer, as she grasped his palm and looked into its wrinkled mysteries, "I predict for you a long life." Then she added, as he in his exuberance of joy handed her a yellowback of large denomination, "With plenty of money." Now who would gainsay that each had received the worth of the old man's money?

War Increases Mental Diseases.

Figures compiled by the New York State Hospital commission show that 3,995 more patients have been admitted to the state hospitals during the forty-four months since war was declared than for the similar period of time prior to the beginning of hostilities, the admissions prior to the war being 29,316, as against 33,311 afterward. The state hospitals are actually housing 6,500 more patients than they were built to accommodate.

Practical Estimate.

"Did you say Bliggins is a good loser?" "Yes." "Why, even when his luck is worst he never loses more than two or three dollars." "That's what I call a good loser."

There's plenty of luck for the fellow who spends fifteen or sixteen hours a day looking for it.

BOY SCOUTS**SCOUT TREES FOR ROOSEVELT**

The 16,000 troops of the Boy Scouts of America are everywhere taking an active part in planning memorials to Theodore Roosevelt.

Many troops have already held impressive services and have taken up Scout Commissioner Dan Beard's idea to plant Roosevelt trees.

A million pine trees will be set out in the Interstate park by the scouts of New York city, according to the plan of the park commissioner. Several troops of Manhattan borough scouts are endeavoring to have a grove of trees planted in Central park to represent the formation of a troop of scouts in the regulation four patrols and called the "Roosevelt Scout Shelter."

In Philadelphia each troop will plant a tree in a prominent place.

Columbus scouts, as soon as the weather will allow, will plant trees in the state house grounds in the center of the city. Each troop will plant a tree, and the completed group will be known as the "Roosevelt Grove."

The boy scouts of Everett, Wash., are to plant trees on the highway from Skagit to King Lines in honor of the soldier and sailor dead, and they ask that trees be included for their chief scout citizens.

Chicago is planning for a fitting memorial in the forest reserve.

In Syracuse, N. Y., the scouts will plant a number of "Roosevelt elms" in each of the city parks, properly labeled.

This plan of the nearly a half million members of the Boy Scouts of America has found instant support and enthusiastic advocacy.

SCOUT WAS GERMAN CAPTIVE.

Constantine Coen, imprisoned in Lens until freed by British bombardment, has returned to his home in Johnston City, Ill. After the British captured the city he was sent to Paris, where he joined the French boy scouts. He wore a French scout uniform when he landed in New York.

Pioneer Scout Norman Liddell of Johnston City interviewed Coen when he got back home. The boy said:

"I left Johnston City five years ago on my way to France to see my aunt. I went to Henenlicard (near Lens), a city in France, and lived there two years and a half. While I was there the Germans captured the place and took me prisoner for two years. I used to have to work in the streets for the Germans. The prisoners the Germans took that were over sixteen years old had to eat dogs and cats.

"The town was then bombed by the British and taken. Then I was sent to Belgium and lived there six months, and then was exchanged as a prisoner and passed to Switzerland. Then they took me to Germany; then from Germany to Paris, working for the American Red Cross, and then from Paris I took a boat to a place called Rochambeau, and then I took a steamer to New York, and from New York to Johnston City."

SCOUTS HONOR HERO DEAD.

The little French boy scout who was shot by the invading Germans because he would not reveal the presence of soldiers in the vicinity has been honored by Troop No. 502 of Manhattan by being placed at the head of a ghostly troop of scout war heroes.

As Scoutmaster H. A. Groesbeck calls off the names, answer is made for them and the colors are dipped. Troop No. 502 is connected with public school No. 106.

Troop No. 6 of Jamestown, N. Y., in commemorating the men from that city who died in the nation's service, took the following course:

"In token of our gratitude to them and of our loyalty to the cause for which they died, we have resolved that when the roster of our troop is called their names shall henceforth be called first and saluted and the answer, 'Dead on the field of honor' shall thereupon be made for them."

CRIPPLED BOYS AS SCOUTS.

A troop of scouts has been organized in the State Hospital for Crippled Children in St. Paul, Minn.

They are the best rope workers and the fastest signallers in town.

The scouts that are able to hobble about much enjoy the program of scouting.

Every member of the troop had a war garden of his own last summer and six received prizes in the local war garden contest. During the year they harvested, from their troop gardens, vegetables amounting in sales to \$810, and not one of them able to walk without a cane or crutches.

SCOUTS HELP AT INAUGURATION

Three hundred and seventy-five scouts were on separate detail at the state capital in Harrisburg, Pa., at the inauguration of Gov. William C. Sproul.

Cordial letters of appreciation were received by Scout Executive J. F. Virgin from the governor and from the superintendent of the state constabulary, both of whom said they had never seen a large crowd handled in a more efficient manner.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"

"Bayer Cross" on Tablets.



For Pain
Neuralgia
Earache
Toothache
Colds
Grippe
Rheumatism
Lame Back
Neuritis

HEADACHE

DOSE!
Adults can take one or two genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with water. If necessary, repeat dose three times a day, after meals.

"Proved Safe By Millions"

Buy only the original "Bayer packages."
20 cent package—also larger Bayer packages.

Ask for and Insist Upon Only Genuine

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"

Owned by Americans Entirely.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

THE RIGHT WAY...

In all cases of Distemper, Pinkeye, Influenza, Colds, etc.

of all horses, brood mares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

On their tongue or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. Sold by druggists, harness dealers, or sent express paid by the manufacturer. Special Agents Wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,

GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

**Different Points of View.**

There was a rush of wind, a cloud of dust, and the car rushed on, leaving the old gentleman sprawling in the roadway. He picked himself up and dashed up to a policeman, yelling excitedly:

"That motorcar knocked me down!"

The policeman took out a business-like notebook and said:

"Did you notice the number, sir?"

"Yes," said the injured one. "It was number 66."

Just then another policeman, who had seen the accident, came hurrying up, and said:

"No, no! The number's 99. This gentleman was standing on his head when he noticed it!" — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SKINNING CAME NATURAL.

"Pardon me," said the army cook, for military chefs are prone to address their underlings courteously, "but I prithee tell me where you learned to peel potatoes so artistically? I observe that you do not cut off the cuticle in great hunks, as, alas, too many do, but loosen a bit of the skin of the tuber and then deftly strip it all off. You must have had much experience in skinning e'er entering upon a soldier's life?"

"I did, thank you, sir," replied the accomplished member of the kitchen police. "Before I decided to make the world safe for democracy I was a banker." — Kansas City Star.

Many a man's wife prevents him from losing a lot of money in speculating by not allowing him any to speculate with.

Everything we need is within reach here and now, because it is within us. Look within for the treasure mine.

THAT "LAST STRAW" AGAIN

This Time It Meant Real Tragedy in the Lives of Two Young and Loving Mortals.

"It's the last straw!" she exclaimed bitterly.

She tapped on the floor with her right toe, always, with her, a sign of repressed passion.

"The last straw!" she repeated. He shuffled his feet in embarrassment.

Angrily she shrugged herself to her feet.

"I'm going!" she cried. "I would not stay here another second, even for a moment."

And she swept out, and there was nothing left for him to do but follow.

"I didn't know it was the last straw, or I wouldn't have taken it," he apologized miserably.

And she, who had never sipped a lemonade without a straw in her life, and never intended to, sniffed scornfully, without replying, and refrained from inviting him in when they reached her house.

Why Spell It at All?

"Why not spell Germany with a small G hereafter," queries Superintendent Shiels. "Surely she has earned the distinction."

"The old widespread, pot-bellied capital G is typical of German type of other years, but the small g that resembles a whipped dog, with its down-hanging tail between its legs, is in keeping now." — Los Angeles Times.

Being in society is a good deal like being in jail; it isn't so bad after you get used to it.

No Table Drink Has Ever Taken The Place Of

AND TO RECOGNIZE HIM

Almost at a Glance Papa Could Tell
Which of the Swans Was
the Father.

Congressman Seaborn Ruddenbury of Georgia gently smiled when the talk topic dwelt on the lord and master of the domestic ranch. He said he was reminded of little John's visit to the zoo.

While rambling around among the animals with his father one afternoon, so ran the story of the congressman, little Johnny came to a miniature lake on which two swans were swimming.

"Papa," said Johnny, pointing a chubby little finger out over the lake, "is that the father swan or the mother swan?"

"Which one do you mean, Johnny?" asked the old man, glancing in the direction indicated by the boy.

"I mean the one over there," answered Johnny. "The one with all the feathers pecked off his head and isn't allowed to have the biscuit or nothing."

"Yes, my son," promptly replied, papa, with just a suspicion of a sigh, "that's the father swan, all right."



DO PEOPLE LAUGH
AT THIS?

An Ancient Custom.

Mr. Inglefield, the principal door-keeper at the British house of commons, is dead. His was quite a responsible post, for the holder must have an astounding memory for faces. The house of commons is probably the last place where snuff is regularly taken. The attendants take it because they have long hours of duty in which smoking is barred, and a good many members apparently follow the ancient habit. Mr. Inglefield, the Liverpool Post says, always kept a box on his seat at the door, and it was surprising to see how numerous were the members who helped themselves to a pinch as they went in or out of the house.

Historic Memorials.

In course of time the historic associations of the battlefields of Manchuria will be preserved by numerous monuments that are being erected by the Society for the Preservation of the Memory of Manchurian Battlefields. Up to date 22 memorials have been erected, among the latest being one marking the spot where Generals Nogi and Stroessel met on the eve of the surrender of Port Arthur.

Oakland SENSIBLE SIX
44 H. P.

\$1075

F. O. B. Pontiac

18 to 25 MILES PER GALLON
8,000 to 12,000 MILES ON TIRES
48-lb. Car Weight to Each H. P.

Sierra Madre Garage

Strength of Character.

Strength of character is not mere strength of feeling; it is the resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would discontent us from without or unsettle us from within.—Dickens.

A Fathom

When sailors speak of fathoms they do not always mean the same thing. On board a man-of-war a fathom means six feet, on board a merchant-man five and a half feet, and on board a fishing vessel five feet.

"Are they going to make good?"



This blinded boy lying in a hospital in France wants to know if you are worth his sacrifice.

Into his perpetual night of misery and despair shines a single ray of light—the belief that you are worth it. For you are America.

It is his only consolation as he lies there staring into the black future with unseeing eyes.

HE WANTS TO KNOW—TO BE SURE.

SUBSCRIBE to the VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN

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Realty and Insurance Broker
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REPRESENTING
The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company
 Writing Insurance For
 Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men and Women
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TRADE AT HOME
 And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.
J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
 Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
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EGGS
 Now is the time to put them up for winter.
 Use Sodium Silicate Hartman when you want to use the best grade of Water Glass.
 Christopher's Ice Cream
 THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY
F. H. HARTMAN & SON
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SHOES
 for
 All Occasions
Fred T. Huggins
 33 E. Colorado St. Pasadena, Cal.

MOUNT LOWE
 6100 Feet in Skyland
MOST SCENIC MOUNTAIN TROLLEY TRIP in the WORLD
 Fare \$2.00


 You can't afford to miss our
 Southland's Greatest Scenic Novelty
 FIVE TRAINS DAILY
 8, 9, 10 A.M., 1:30 and 4 P.M.
Pacific Electric Railway
 G. E. MESEAR, SIERRA MADRE AGENT
 Phone Red 38

Perkins & Leddy
 The Home of Good Clothes
 16 EAST COLORADO PASADENA, CALIF.
ANNOUNCEMENT

Gentlemen of Sierra Madre:

We do not know of a single Sierra Madre customer of ours who is not a "repeater" in his dealing with us. That's a good recommendation isn't it? Our store policy is, "we insist on perfect satisfaction with every purchase."

You will find in our store an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Our offerings are all dependable goods, tailored to the last minute of mode, cut, and detail. Our prices are less than our metropolitan neighbors, because our "overhead" is less. Our spring goods are on display and if you permit us to outfit you, you may rest assured that you will be properly clothed. Call and look our stock over and we will assure you a saving if you buy.

Perkins & Leddy
 Clothiers
 16 East Colorado St. Pasadena

SOLID PATRIOTISM—BIGGEST BARGAIN

The big drive to make a complete success of the Victory Loan Campaign in Southern California is now on, and the numerous committees with the co-operation of the people, are hard at work in the various communities.

R. H. Moulton, chairman of the Victory Loan Campaign, declares: "The Victory Loan is the biggest bargain the government of the United States has ever offered the American people. It is more than that. It is a cold test of the patriotism of every American citizen. It is going to sift feverish, war-time 'Americans' out of the great mass of quiet, thinking, really patriotic Americans who are solidly for America first, last and all the time—Americans who know the value of their citizenship and are ever ready to answer its demands."

"To the real American the 4 3-4 per cent and tax exemption features of the Victory notes are minor considerations. The big thing is that the country needs the money—\$4,500,000,000—to settle the pressing war costs. These are the same kind of Americans who, when we were called to war, when we declared war two years ago, didn't stop to consider whether we were right or wrong or whether they could be maimed or wounded, but quit their jobs and answered the call to arms."

"To those kind of Americans the government of the United States comes for the Victory Liberty Loan. This is the second largest loan asked. It will require the united efforts of the people to make good and everybody should respond promptly and patriotically. The war expenses have been incurred and every dollar of America's obligation should and will be paid in full."

MONROVIA DAY

All roads will lead to Monrovia on Saturday, May 17th, when the San Gabriel Valley will turn out to do honor to its soldier and sailor boys who have returned home from serving their country.

May 17th is Monrovia's birthday, and is always celebrated as a gala day by Monrovia and her neighbors. But this year the festivities will take the form of a Peace Celebration and a most enthusiastic Welcome Home to all the Valley's service men. The whole San Gabriel Valley has been invited to join with Monrovia, and all signs point to one of the biggest gatherings ever seen in this vicinity.

The committee in charge are planning to make it a good old-fashioned country picnic. There will be something doing all the time, but no long-winded speeches or formality.

The parade in the morning, including two hundred men from the Arcadia Balloon School, will be representative of all the war activities, the G. A. R. and W. R. C., and will feature some entirely new and striking effects in floats designed by Secretary Byrne in charge of the Knights of Columbus work at the Balloon School. The parade will be led by a crack military band.

There will be a basket-luncheon picnic in Monrovia's beautiful canyon park after the parade, with a short address of welcome by Mayor Dunn and a ten-minute talk by Major J. B. Coulston of Pasadena. During luncheon there will be music by the Soldiers' Glee club. After lunch there will be community singing under the leadership of Captain H. C. Stone, and a program of sports, with prizes for each event. The foray up the canyon to the falls promises to be the most exciting.

Dinner will be provided for the visiting soldiers by the War Camp Community service. In the evening there will be a Maypole Dance in the City Park and stree dancing for which the band music will be augmented by a Jazz orchestra.

PARENT-TEACHER MEETING

The P-T. A. meeting which should have been held last Wednesday, was postponed to next Wednesday, April 30th.

Mrs. W. A. Galetine, chairman of the Legislature department for the First District Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations, will talk on "Child Education." This is a subject in which all are vitally interested and every parent in Sierra Madre is urged to attend this meeting, next Wednesday afternoon at the school building.

YOU BET WE CAN

Victory Loan is comin'
 Don't know just what to do;
 'Cept try to keep work hummin',
 An' see the whole thing through.
 We've often thought we couldn't
 Find cash, but still, we can;
 No one wants another
 Be proved a better man.
 We can drop some little pleasure,
 We used to have each day;
 Till we help this Victory measure
 Land right at home—to stay.
 A. L. Soran.

Won't You Help Him?



"Say, pal, can you reach that for me?"

THE GOVERNMENT is spending millions right now and is going to spend millions more rebuilding our wounded.

Thousands of **THEM** who left legs, or arms, or health over there are asking you to reach something for them.

THEY ARE ASKING YOU TO REACH THE
VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN

Jewelry and Repairing

SPECIAL—Men's Leather Belts \$1.50 value for \$1
Soft Collar Pins at 25c and 50c

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Three fine corners on Central Avenue.
Apply to owner, MRS. C. B. JONES,
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IN SIERRA MADRE AND WILL DEAL DIRECT WITH THE PUBLIC
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PROFITS. I GIVE YOU YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND SANITARY
BAKING AT A

Reduced Cost

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

JOE HUTTNER

REAR OF BERBEINS' STORE.

**COLLAR CURES
ARMY FLYER'S
BROKEN NECK**

**Surgeons Mend Lieutenant
After 2500 Foot Fall and
He Flies Again**

There is a man in San Francisco walking around with a broken neck. He is Lieutenant Charles M. Cummins, of Richmond, Va.

Cummins was an army aviator. While making a flight at Gerstner Field, La., in February, 1918, he fell 2500 feet, fracturing the fourth, fifth and sixth cervical vertebrae and dislocating several other vertebrae partially.

After the fall he was sent to Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio in San Francisco for treatment. Army surgeons who are almost working miracles there in the reconstruction of the war wounded finally fitted a metal collar on the aviator to carry the weight of his head. It worked—and now Lieutenant Cummins is walking about apparently normal.

Only One of Many. Lieutenant Cummins' case is only one of many, but it stands out because of the popular superstition that a man can't live if his neck is broken. The reconstruction surgeons at Letterman are working on hundreds of cases much more difficult than the flyer's. They are receiving men there daily from the battlefields of France, whose legs and arms hang withered and helpless and they are turning those men out, after months of special treatment and patient mechanical manipulation, able to use their arms and legs and capable of making a living.

The cost, of course, is tremendous when one takes into consideration the fact that the same work is being carried on in many military hospitals. Already Congress has appropriated millions of dollars to carry on the work and millions more will have to be made available for the cause. For it is a cause, this regeneration of the men who gave their bodies to their country.

Cummins Flies Again.

Part of the money to be realized from the Victory Liberty Loan will be used for this job of reconstruction or regeneration. Think of this when you are making up your mind as to how much of the loan you, personally, are going to subscribe.

Lieutenant Cummins made a flight with his collar on just to convince himself that he hadn't lost his nerve. We can't afford to lose our nerve on a dollar and cents proposition in the face of the deeds of such men.

**PEOPLE NOT
ARMY, NOW
HOLD STAGE**

By United States Senator George E. Chamberlain, Chairman Military Affairs Committee of Senate.

"We are rounding out one of the greatest, if not the greatest single drama in the world's history. The most tragic scene is over and another is being acted, and in this scene it is the mass of the American people that hold the center of the stage rather than the American armies. The latter have practically completed their work and they played their part with superb excellence. It is our part now to finish their work."

"We have got to finish financing the war and to finance the peace. We have got to pay for those things we bought or contracted for, to take the best possible care of our soldier boys and to make them the superb fighting force that they were. We have got to care for the wounded and their dependents and the dependents of those who died in their country's service. We have got to rehabilitate our wounded and train them for useful occupations which they can pursue in spite of loss of limbs or sight or other such injuries."

Must Finish Task.

"We have got to stand by the people of those nations who were associated with us in the war against Germany and who have been under the cruel hand of German domination. We have got to finish in all ways the great and the very glorious task that America set out to accomplish in April, 1917, and which so far has been accomplished with a success that every true American rejoices at and is proud of."

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but a Victory Liberty Bond will serve yourself and America.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune."—Sallust.

"Thrift is one of the cornerstones on which manhood must be constructed."—Henry Ford.

Civilization was founded and still rests upon thrift.

Save for the sake of yourself and our country.

NURSE LITTLETON USES IT
Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover, (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. Hartman & Son, druggists. adv.

NOTICE OR SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale

No. B56268

Hare, Plaintiff,

vs.

Griswold, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, wherein G. A. Hare, plaintiff, and Walter H. Griswold and Laura M. Griswold, defendants, upon a judgment rendered the 4th day of February, A. D. 1918 for the sum of Five thousand one and no-100 (\$5001.00) Dollars lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Walter H. Griswold and Laura M. Griswold of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot commencing at the southeasterly corner of lot thirty-four (34) thence northwesterly one hundred and forty-five and eight-tenths feet (145.8) to the northeasterly corner of said lot, thence westerly to a point on the northerly line of said lot twenty-nine and ninety-three one hundredths feet (29.93), thence southeasterly to a point on the southerly line of said lot sixty-five and thirteen one hundredths feet (65.13) westerly from the southeast corner thereof, thence easterly along the southerly line of said lot sixty-five and thirteen one hundredths feet (65.13) to the place of beginning, the same being part of lot thirty-four (34) in Los Flores Slope, as per map thereof recorded in book ten (10) of maps at page 181 of records of Los Angeles county, California.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That I will, on Tuesday the 6th day of May, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M. or that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell at public auction, for lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 10th day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.

W. N. Gilliam, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale

No. B68906

First National Bank of El Monte, Plaintiff.

vs.

Royal M. Barton, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, wherein First National Bank of El Monte, Cal., a corporation, plaintiff, and Royal M. Barton and George M. Tucker, defendants, upon a judgment rendered the 20th day of March, A. D. 1919 for the sum of Six hundred eleven and 72-100 (\$611.72) dollars lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Royal M. Barton and George M. Tucker of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

An undivided one-eighth interest in and to lot 4, E. J. Baldwin's Addition No. 2 to Santa Anita Colony, in Rancho Francisquito, county of Los Angeles, state of California, as per map in book 53 page 4 miscellaneous records of said county.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That I will, on Tuesday the 29th day of April, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell at public auction, for lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Royal M. Barton and George M. Tucker of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 3 day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.

J. W. Falkner, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale

No. B64714

Earle, Plaintiff.

vs.

Cooper, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, wherein Virginia Earle, plaintiff, and Sarah Cooper defendant, upon a judgment rendered the 21st day of March, A. D. 1919 for the sum of

Five hundred three and 45-100 (\$503.45) Dollars lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant Sarah Cooper of, in and to the following described real estate situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lots forty-four (44) and forty-five (45) of Roosevelt Park Tract as per map recorded in book seven (7) at page one hundred and eighty-nine (189) in the office of the recorder of Los Angeles county, State of California.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That I will, on Tuesday the 13th day of May, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell at public auction, for lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant Sarah Cooper of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 17th day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.

Thomas A. Sanson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale

No. B66802

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

L. B. Parmele, Plaintiff.

vs.

Clara M. Webster, Clara M. Webster, executrix of the estate of Frank E. Webster, Axel Aronson and Mary C. Aronson, his wife, Joseph F. Salisbury and Acop Mngngoff, also known as Acop Merkerdichoff, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24 day of March, A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein L.B. Parmele, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Clara M. Webster, et al., defendants, on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen hundred ninety-seven and 67-100 (\$1397.67) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 17th day of March A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 445 of said Court, at page 11, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot fifty-eight (58) of the Chapman Tract, in the city of Pasadena, county of Los Angeles, state of California, as per map recorded in book 12, page 36, miscellaneous records of said county. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That, on Monday, the 28th day of April, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 3 day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.

Hahn & Hahn, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale

No. B72209

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

Herman M. Erickson, plaintiff.

vs.

William G. Erickson, also known as W. G. Erickson, Anna M. Johnson, Peter Johnson, Hans S. Erickson, M. Aileen Erickson, also known as Mary Aileen Erickson, and also as M. Aileen Erickson, Title Insurance and Trust Company, a corporation, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

Under and by virtue of and order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 15th day of April A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Herman M. Erickson the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against William G. Erickson, et al., defendants, on the 8th day of April A. D. 1919, for the sum of Twenty-five hundred and fifteen and 43-100 (\$2515.43) dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 15th day of April A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 469 of said Court, at page 381, I am commanded to sell all those

certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lots thirteen (13), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25) and all of lot nineteen (19) except the north one hundred (100) feet thereof, of Kirkwood Heights, as per map recorded in book 10, page 138 of maps, records of said county.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given, That, on Monday, the 19th day of May, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.

O. E. Winburn, Plaintiff's Attorney.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central
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to 11:30 by appointment. Phone
Main 53 or Green 67.
Pasadena Office, Central Building.
Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo.
1191.

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Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin.
Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11 to 12:30.
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Pasadena Office, Dodworth Bldg.
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Kipped Herring Kipped Trout Sardines

WAKFIELD'S KIPPED HERRING, the 15 oz. can	25c
KIPPED SEA TROUT, 71-2 oz. can	25c
MINCED SARDINES for Sandwiches, 3 1-4 oz. can	10c

Specials for Saturday

Albacore, light and dark meat, Tuna, 7 oz. can	10c
Seeded Raisins, 11 oz. package	10c
Golden Age Noodles, the package	7c
Washing Powder in bulk, 2 lbs. for	15c

"Cash Beats Credit"

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Saturday Specials in Groceries

Green Peas 2 pounds for	25c
Strawberries, per box	15c
Lettuce, 2 heads for	5c
Asparagus, 2 pounds for	25c
New Spuds, 3 pounds for	25c
White Rose Potatoes, 7 pounds for	25c
New White Onions, 2 pounds for	25c
Idaho Russett Potatoes, 6 pounds	25c

C. M. Nomura Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46 BANK BUILDING

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The trials of driving in the traffic prove the quality of Red Crown gasoline. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

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Gasoline
of Quality



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Monrovia, California

THE TROY

SOLICITS YOUR

Laundry and Dry Cleaning

ON THE

Quality

OF ITS WORK

PHONE RED 42 FOR CAREFUL SERVICE.

LOCAL ITEMS

See the war tank on the street down town tonight.

Attend the public meeting at the band stand tonight.

Dr. William Hart is visiting in San Francisco for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. C. F. Gray spent the week-end with Mrs. D. T. May at Hollywood.

Miss May Campbell of Claremont is spending the week with Mrs. Greer Caskey.

Mrs. W. G. LeRoy left this week for a visit with friends and relatives at Oakland and San Francisco.

Mrs. Walter Alf spent her Easter vacation visiting her husband at Daggett, returning Sunday.

Fred Dennison and family finally left for Riverside yesterday, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. K. A. Smith of Los Angeles, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. James Sadler, North Baldwin avenue.

H. S. Noake and family moved to Los Angeles last week to be nearer his work in the automobile business.

George Cox went to Santa Jacinto Tuesday, to install an engine in a pumping plant. He will return today or tomorrow.

The Sierra Madre garage has now installed an automatic grinding machine in their shop to insure no loss of time in repair work.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson and sons, Walter and Carl returned Monday from a ten days' touring trip, visiting relatives in Lindsay and San Francisco.

Mrs. T. N. Herman, who has been here for her health for a couple of months, motored to her home at Lindsay last week, almost entirely recovered.

One of the soldiers who will speak at the public meeting tonight left a perfectly good leg in France—Come out and see the other one and hear its owner tell you about it.

Mrs. E. Wood Davis left for her home at Mt. Hermon, the first of the week. She leaves many warm friends here who will welcome a return visit. The News will keep her posted on Sierra Madre affairs.

The Arkansas State society will hold its annual reunion and picnic in Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles, all day Saturday, May 3rd. The Oregonians also will hold their picnic on the same day and at the same place.

Miss Williams' dancing classes will meet Saturday morning, April 26th at the kindergarten rooms. Children under ten will meet at 9 o'clock and those over ten at 10 o'clock. All are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Conard, 32 W. Carter-avenue, gave a tennis party Sunday. Numerous matches were played and everybody had a splendid time. Luncheon was served and later refreshments in the afternoon.

Owen Hale, J. E. Sadler and Mrs. C. Mathie, Miss Olive Wood and Miss Alma Cox, hiked up Mt. Wilson Wednesday of last week. Mr. Hale brushed against some poison oak and for a couple of days it was no joke with him.

Two letters have been received at the News office and at least three verbal messages have reached us from sick folks, who wanted the News to thank the Sierra Madre band for their about-town-serenade Easter morning. It was mighty fine of the band boys.

John Borgerding who has spent two winters here, died Sunday night. Funeral services in charge of Allen T. Gay, were held at the catholic church yesterday morning. Father Woodcutt officiating. The family accompanied the remains to their old home at Melrose, Minn., where the interment will take place. The family expects to return here next fall.

Last week the News mentioned a new flower that had been developed by W. W. Felgate, which he had named "Sierra Madre." This town will be advertised all over the country by this really wonderful flower and as a beginning The Florists Review (Chicago) which has a national circulation says in its last issue: "The pentstemon" has been named Sierra Madre. This was raised some years ago by W. W. Felgate and Ed Rust's Nursery, Los Angeles, was one of the first to note the possibilities. A nice stock has been prepared and will be ready for shipment at once."

FOR SALE — Good paying daily paper agency. Apply Henry Olsen.

W. A. Bailey has moved here from Los Angeles, and is driving a jitney from the end of the car line.

Norman Olsen, late of France, was in town a few hours Tuesday evening, enroute to Camp Kearney to be mustered out.

New gold letter signs adorn the front window of the First National Bank. The work was done by Carr of Pasadena.

Charles B. Booth, son of Maude Ballington-Booth of the Volunteers of America will speak at the Woman's Club house next Monday night in the interest of their work in Los Angeles.

BENEFIT FOR THE BAND

The Board of Trade has arranged for an illustrated lecture at the Woman's Club house Thursday night, May 8th, instead of the regular meeting night, as announced last week. This will be something superlative. Pictures in natural colors of our California mountains, valleys and different streams. We are saving the details until next week.

RECEPTION TO DEAN SHAW

The reception last night at the Woman's Club house, for Rev. William Carson Shaw, who has lately assumed the pastorate of the Church of the Ascension was well attended and a thoroughly good time enjoyed by all. About 250 people were present.

The Dean and Mrs. Shaw received the guests in line with a hearty hand clasp and a pleasant word and everyone at once felt acquainted with the new pastor. The children, Marcha, Bettie and Dudley were not overlooked and also received a warm welcome.

After the chattering, sociable company had been induced to be seated the following program was given:

1. Mr. George Bourke, Irish songs and recitations.
2. Miss Helen Williams, "The Suburban Hostess."
3. Mrs. James N. Hawks, "Nymphs and Fauns," Benberg.
4. Prof. John Marquardt, violin selections.

- (a) Adagio non troppo Perpetuum mobile Frauz Reis.
- (b) Gavotte, from Mignon Arr. by Sarasate.
- (c) Dance of the Hobgoblins by Bazzini.

After refreshments and an hour of social converse the party broke up just before another day was ushered in with a feeling of satisfaction for an evening well and happily spent.

AT THE CHURCHES

Congregational

"A Community Church"

Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

9:45 a. m. Church school.

11:00 a. m. Morning worship and sermon by Rev. Henry Stauffer of Milwaukee. Solo, Miss Helen Sadler.

8:00 p. m. Evening service. Address by Mr. Wilson on "A League of Churches."

Bethany

Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor

Sunday services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Sermon subject for little men and women, "Habit." Morning sermon subject, "Faith the Victory." Evening subject, "The Religious Man."

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.

Subject, "Probation After Death."

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Church of the Ascension

Rev. William Carson Shaw, Rector

Holy communion, 8 a. m.

Sunday school 9:45 a. m.

Morning prayer 11:00 a. m.; Evening prayer 7:30 p. m.

Miss Gertrude Cook will sing "God is Spirit" by Gertrude Ross at the morning service.

Keep Troubles to Yourself.

Life for the vast majority of us is none too carefree. This trouble, or that disappointment, makes our world very cheerless at times; but dwelling upon our problems, elaborating upon our difficulties, or longing to share those unpleasant realities with others will not aid us one iota. We, each, individually, must stand our own ground, and if we are wise, refuse to be influenced by any unproductive moods.

Keeps Cheese Fresh.

Moisten a sheet of wax paper with vinegar, wrap the cheese tightly in it, then wrap with another paper; the cheese will keep for days without getting hard. The vinegar doesn't affect the taste of the cheese at all.

Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

The Central Market

M. D. WELSHER, Grocer

FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES
Quality and Quantity Guaranteed

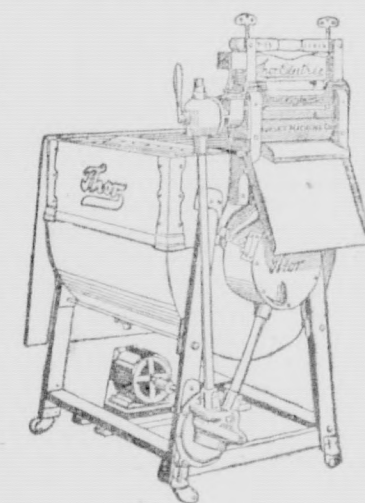
Our Fresh Meats are Wrapped in Parchment Wax Paper. Groceries and Vegetables in Clean Wrapping Paper and Bags. Trade in a Store Where Sanitation is the Motto. We have a Large Cooler Built Specially to Keep Vegetables Cool, Clean and Fresh. You do not want to spread disease by having your goods wrapped in newspaper or other paper, which people have had in their homes. Safety First—It Pays

H. O. FORCE per package	12 1/2c
E. C. CORN FLAKES, per package	10c
LARGE ALBERS WHEAT FLAKES, package	30c
LARGE BROWNIE WHEAT FLAKES, package	30c
BULK OAT MEAL, 3 packages for	25c
LETTUCE, two large heads for	5c
CELERY per bunch	10 and 15c

Starting Saturday we will deliver Meat and Grocery Orders of \$3.00 or more FREE of Charge. Also orders of Oil, Gasoline and Flour. We make a specialty of packing mountain orders Free of Charge

M. D. WELSHER

Clothes Lasts Six Times Longer



Proved by actual test! Clothes do last six times longer when they are washed in the

THOR ELECTRIC
WASHING MACHINE

than when they are washed by hand.

Just as long as you continue to rub those delicate fabrics on the washboard they are going to wear out more quickly than they should.

PHONE US FOR DEMONSTRATION

Sierra Madre Electric Co.

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

Cover Up

The unsightly corners, bare places, and fences with our rapid growing

VINES

Some of the best vines for this purpose would be the Tecomas, Jasmines, Wistarias, Passion Vines, Honeysuckles, Bignonias, Evergreen Grapes, Mandevillas and Ficus Repens.

We have strong, well established plants of any of the above

Phone Your Wants

We Deliver

Irving N. Ward Nursery

Phone Blue 29.

Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

VICTORY LOAN MEETING

Tonight at 7:30 a public meeting will be held at the band stand in the interest of the Victory Liberty Loan.

The committee has provided good speakers, good music, and as an added attraction a genuine war tank, which will be camouflaged in red, white and blue and will be made to "lay down, roll over, and jump through" by an experienced army driver.

Besides our own Sierra Madre band we are promised a jazz band from Los Angeles and two of the speakers will be returned wounded soldiers.

Come down town this evening and join in the National song, led by both bands.

"V"

NEWS WANTED LINERS

RABBITS FOR SALE—Six breeding does, 3 New Zealand, 2 Belgians, and 1 Australian Giant; also 1 Belgium buck. All good stock. The hatch is a three story, 10 compartment, self-cleaning. One doe has 8 young, three weeks old. Will sell all with hatch for \$25.00. Call News office. 30*

FOR TRADE—Good six-room house and garage in Eagle Rock (5 cent care fare to Los Angeles) to trade for residence property in Sierra Madre. F. M. R. News office. 30*

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Baby Grand Model, first class condition, new tires. Only run 8,000 miles. 377 North Lima or phone Black 67. 30*

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.
"Do kind of optimism," said Uncle Eben "dat ain' hitched up to hard work can't last."

"YO HO, HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM"

When Anson Carlyle, ninth in descent from Capt. Geoffrey Carlyle of Glasgow, Scotland, died in battle with Canadian forces at Vimy Ridge, the Carlyle line was wiped out. Young Carlyle's few treasures fell into alien hands. Among these was a manuscript apparently written by Capt. Carlyle in 1687, recounting a story of exiles and pirates calculated to stir the blood of all who might read. At least that is the way Randall Parrish accounts for his latest and best story, "Wolves of the Sea."

Whether such a manuscript ever existed outside of Parrish's imagination makes no difference, it is a cracking good story that will keep you up nights before you finish it. We have secured the publication rights to "Wolves of the Sea" in this territory and it will appear in this paper in serial form.

"Wolves of the Sea" is a good old-fashioned pirate yarn, with a thrill in every chapter. There is a treasure chest, a dark mystery aboard a derelict death ship, the burning, vengeful hatred of 'Black' Sanchez and the constant bristling dangers of bloody fights, mutiny, storms and shipwrecks beauty in distress and a hero to the rescue. And of course a happy ending to all the bloodshed and daring adventure. Watch for the first installment of this thrilling story in an early issue of The News.

The River

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When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

By EDNAH AIKEN

GERTY HARDIN'S DINNER PROVES AN ORDEAL FOR ALL WHO ARE PRESENT.

Synopsis.—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson. While waiting Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado river, which occurred despite the efforts of Thomas Hardin, head of the Desert Reclamation company. Hardin had been a student under Rickard in an eastern college and had married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard had fancied he was in love. Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific must step in to save the Imperial valley and wishes to send Rickard to take charge. Rickard declines because he foresees embarrassment in supplanting Hardin, but is won over. Rickard goes to Calexico and, on the way, learns much about Hardin and his work. Rickard meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, the former's half sister. At the company offices he finds the engineers loyal to Hardin and hostile to him. Rickard attends a meeting of the directors and asserts his authority. Hardin rages. Estrada, a Mexican, son of the "Father of the Imperial Valley," tells Rickard the general situation and expresses forebodings that the work will fail. Innes Hardin is bitter against Rickard for supplanting her brother, but she tries to cheer up the latter. Hardin discovers that Rickard is planning a levee to protect Calexico and puts him down as incompetent. Gerty thinks her husband is jealous.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

She didn't need to pierce those canvas walls to know that there had been feverish activity for this dinner. A new gown would appear tonight, made secretly. An exquisite meal, and no one must comment on its elaboration. Twice Tom and she had been asked to take their lunch at the hotel. "Because of a headache!" A headache!

Tom's wife could not even shop openly! Bundles had always the air of mystery, never opened before Tom or herself. She must have yards of stuff laid away, kept for sudden emergencies.

"She can't help it. It's her disposition. Look at your face, Innes Hardin!" What was it to her, the pettiness of a woman whom an accident of life had swept upon the beach beside her? Gerty was not her kind, not the sort she would pick out for a friend. She was an oriental, one of the harem women, whose business it is in life to please one man, to keep his home soft, his comforts ready, keep him convinced, moreover, that it is the desire of his life to support her. Herself dissatisfied, often rebellious, staying by him for self-interest, not for love—ah, that was her impeachment. "Not loving!"

Soberly she covered her plain bracelets with a white waist of cotton ducking. A red leather belt and crimson tie she added self-consciously. "Where is my bloodstone pin?"

Hadn't she spent an hour at least matching that particular leather belt? But he was a man, in battle. The headgate held up; it was too bad. Silent, Bodefeldt, Wooster, Grant, all of them fighting mad because of the deadlock at the heading. All up in arms, at last, against Marshall, because of this cruel cut to their hero, Hardin. Her eyes glowed like yellow lamps as she recalled their fervid partisanship.

"Only one man who can save the valley, and that's Tom Hardin." Wooster had said that; but they all believed it. The loyalty of the force made her ashamed of her soft woman's fears. For there were times when she questioned her brother's ability. He had a large, loose way of handling things. He was too optimistic. But those men, those engineers must know. It was probably the man's way of sweeping ahead, ignoring detail. The verdict of those field-tried men told her that the other, the careful, planning way, was the office method. Rickard, as a dinner neighbor, she had found interesting; but for great undertakings a man who would let a Gerty Holmes jilt him, ruin his life for him! The whole story sprang at last clear from the dropped innuendos.

She adjusted a barrette in her smoothly brushed hair. Slowly she walked over to the neighboring tent. Gerty frowned at the white duck. "You might at least have worn your blue!"

"You're elegant enough for the two of us. Isn't that something new?" Gerty said carelessly that she had had it for a long time. For she had had the material a long time! It wasn't necessary to explain to her husband's sister that it had been made up that week. She hoped that she didn't look "fussed up." Would Mr. Rickard think she was attaching any importance to the simple little visit? For it was nothing to him, of course. A man of his standing, who the great Tod Marshall ranked so high, probably dined out several times each week, with white-capped maids and candelabra! If Tom had only made the most of his opportunities. What a gamble, life to a woman!

She made a trip into her bedroom and took a reassuring survey in her mirror. The lingerie frock would look simple to a man who would never suspect it of hand-made duplicity. Her glass declared the hand-whipped medallions casual and elegant. And a long time ago, a lifetime ago, Rickard had told her that she always should wear blue, because of her eyes.

Innes from the next room could hear

Gerty teasing Tom to wear his Tuxedo.

"Isn't one dude enough for you?" growled her surly lord. Innes recognized the mood and shrank from the ordeal ahead. It was the mood of the Hardin in the rough, the son of his frontier mother, the fruit of old Jasper Gings, whose smithy had been the rendezvous for the wildest roughs, the fiercest cattlemen in Missouri.

"I'd let him see you knew what's what, even if we do live like gipsies." The answer to that was another growl. Innes could hear him dragging out the process, grumbling over each detail. That confounded laundry had torn his shirt. He hadn't a decent collar to his name. Where was his black string tie? If Gerty would keep his things in the lowest drawer! Hang that button! Gerty emerged from the encounter, her face very red. Innes could see her biting her lips to keep the tears back as she put the last touches to the table.

"She's tired out," thought the sister of Tom Hardin. "She's probably fussed herself to death over this dinner."

A few minutes later Rickard arrived in a sack suit of tweeds. Gerty's greeting was a little abstracted. How could she make Innes understand to tell Tom to change his coat? The duty of a host, she suddenly remembered, was to dress down rather than up to the chances of his guest. She regretted bitterly her insistence. Was ever anyone so obtuse as Innes? Mr. Rickard would see that they thought it a big event. She was watching the curtain where Tom would emerge. And his coat was a style of several seasons ago and absurdly tight! She made an unintelligible excuse and darted behind the portiere.

Tom's face was apologetic. He was wrestling with a mussed tie; the collar showed a desperate struggle.

Gerty made wild signals for him to change his clothes. She waved a hand indicating Rickard; she pointed to Tom's sack suit lying on the floor where he had walked out of it.

"What is it all about?"

"Shh," whispered his wife. Again the wild gestures.

"Well, aren't you satisfied? Don't I look like a guy?"

He could be heard distinctly in the next room. Gerty gave it up in despair. She dabbed some more powder on her nose and went out looking like a martyr—a very pretty martyr!

Rickard praised the miracles of the tent. Gerty's soft flush reminded Innes of their old relation. "Exit Innes," she was thinking, when Tom, red and perspiring, brought another element of discomfort into the room.

Gerty ushered them immediately to the table. She covered the first minutes which might be awkward with her small chatter. Somewhere she had read that it was not well to make apologies for lack of maid or fare. Besides Mr. Rickard remembered Lawrence! That dreadful dining room, the ever-set table! How she had hated it, though she had not known how fearful it was until she had escaped.

"We are simple folk here, Mr. Rickard," she announced, as they took their places around the pretty table. That was her only allusion to deficiencies, but it covered her noiseless movements around the board between courses, filled up the gaps when she made necessary dives into kitchen or primitive ice chest, and set the key for the homeliness of the meal itself. The dinner was a triumph of apparent simplicity. Only Innes could guess the time consumed in the perfection of detail, details dear to the hostess' heart. The almonds she had blanched, of course, herself; she had dipped and salted them. The cheese straws were her own. She did not make the mistake of stringing out endless courses. An improvised buffet near at hand made the serving a triumph.

Rickard praised each dish; openly he was admiring her achievement. Innes, remembering the story Gerty had told her in dots and dashes, the story of the old rivalry, glanced cov-

erly at Tom sulking at the head of his own table.

"Poor sulky Achilles," she thought. "Dear, honest old bear!"

"Innes!" cried Mrs. Hardin. She turned to find that the guest was staring at her. She had not heard his effort to include her in the conversation.

"Mr. Rickard asked you if you like it here?"

"Thank you—why, of course!" Her answer sounded pert to herself.

Her sister-in-law hastened to add that Miss Hardin was very lonely, was really all alone in the world; that they insisted on her making her home with them.

Innes had with difficulty restrained a denial. After all, what other home had she? Still the truth had been deflected. She recalled the sacrifice it had been to cut her college course in order to make a home in the desert for the brother who had always so gently fathered her, who had helped her invest her small capital that it might spell a small income. She recalled his resistance when she had called in a mortgage; who could watch that mad scapegoat of a river playing pranks with desert homes and not yearn to help? Not a Hardin. She still gloried in remembering that she had at least driven one pile into that rebellious stream, even if when she left the valley it would be as a breadwinner. She was prepared. She was a good draftsman; she would go as an apprentice in an architect's office. She had already settled on the architect!

"Are you going to Los Angeles soon?" She heard the new manager address his host.

"I'm taking orders!"

There was another awkward moment when Hardin pushed back his plate declaring he had reached his limit; it was too big a spread for him! It was the stupid rudeness of the small bad boy; even Innes flushed for her sister-in-law.

With resolution Gerty assumed control of the conversation. Her role sounded casual; no one could have suspected it of frequent rehearsal. They must not talk of the river; that was taboo. Railroad matters were also excluded. Equally difficult would be reminiscences of Lawrence days. So she began brightly with a current book. The theater proved a safe topic, and by that natural route they reached New York. Innes, who had never been farther east than Chicago, was grateful to play audience. Hardin, who knew his New York perhaps better than either, refused to be drawn into the gentle stream.

Things must be kept sprightly. Had Mr. Rickard met many of the valley people? And it was then that she threw her bomb toward the listening, silent Hardins. She would like Mr. Rickard to meet some of their friends.

He said that he would be delighted, but that he was planning to leave shortly for the heading.

"Of course," she did not give her husband time to speak. She meant afterward! She was planning to give something a bit novel in his honor. She refused to see the glare from the angry man in his outgrown dinner coat. She did not glance toward the sister. What did Mr. Rickard think about a progressive ride?

"It sounds very entertaining, but what do you do?"

There was a loud guffaw from Tom. With deepened color Gerty told her idea. A drive, changing partners, so he could meet all the guests.

"I think it will surprise you to find so many nice people in here; it certainly did me. One doesn't expect to find congenial people in a new country like this."

Rickard remembered that he had to get back to his hotel. He had letters to write. It had been a splendid dinner! And what a wonderful home she had made out of a sand-baked lot, out of a tent! He spoke of the roses and the morning glories. His eyes fell on the open piano, the reading table with the current magazines. Now he couldn't understand why they ever went to that hotel!

Gerty's eyes were shining as deep pools of water on which the sun plays. She looked almost infantile as she stood by the two tall men, her head perched birdlike. "Good-by! and I hope you'll come again!"

"Of course he'd come again!"

"And you will let me know when you return, so that I may set the date for my party?"

Innes did not get his answer. She had been observing that he was not taller than her brother. He looked taller. He was lean, and Tom was growing stocky. She wished he would not slouch so, his hands in his pockets! In Tucson, before she knew that she must dislike Rickard, she had had an impression of virile distinction, of grace, a suggestion of mastered muscles. He had known that it was her brother he was supplanting—did he get any satisfaction from the fact that it was the husband of the woman who had jilted him? Anyway, she did not like him. She could never forgive a hurt that was done to her own. She was a Hardin.

"Innes! Mr. Rickard said good night!"

She gave him the tips of her cool, browned fingers. Her eyes did not meet his; she would not meet that laughing scrutiny.

"Good night, Mr. Rickard."

CHAPTER XI.

The Fighting Chance.

"Casey's back, spying!" announced Wooster at mess one evening. By that time the feeling against "Marshall's man" was actively hostile. There had been a smudge of slumbering fires before Rickard had left the towns. Fanned by much talk during his absence, it had burst into active blaze. They were ready to show their resentment against the man who had supplanted Hardin, their Napoleon, if it cost them their places. By this time the cause of the desert was as compelling to these hardy soldiers as were the lily banners of France to the followers of the Little Corporal.

Rickard was not expected. He had been gone less than a week. The effect of his return was that of a person who returns suddenly into a room, hushing an active babel of tongues. He knew what he would find, ample reasons why! He was not given the satisfaction of locating any particular act of disobedience. The men presented a blank wall of politeness, reasonable and ineffectual. Silent explained briefly that he had not been able to collect enough men. Most of the force was busy in the No. 6 district, trying to push the shattered Wistaria through by a new route before that year's crops were entirely ruined. A gang was at Grant's heading; the floor needed bracing. Another squad, Irish, was in the Volcano Lake region, where they were excavating for the new headgate.

"No hurry for that," Rickard was glad to pick a flaw in such a perfect pattern. "You might have withdrawn those men and put them to work on the levee."

"I was given no authority to do that."

The chief pretended to accept the reason; else it were a case of changing horses in midstream. What he

ultimate failure the growing belief in the omnipotence of the Great Yellow Dragon as the Cocopahs visualized it, Estrada's work was as intense as though he were hastening a sure victory. The dauntless spirit of the elder Estrada pushed the track over the hot sands where he must dance at times to keep his feet from burning. Many of the rails they laid at night.

"Rickard's gone hog-wild," Hardin told his family the next morning. "Building a levee between the towns! The man's off his head."

"There isn't any danger?" Gerty's anxiety made the deep blue eyes look black.

Innes looked up for Tom's answer. His face was ugly with passion.

"Danger! It's a bluff, a big show of activity here because he's buffaloed; he doesn't know how to tackle the job out there."

It had begun to look that way to more than one. It was talked over at Coulter's store; in the outer office of the D. R. company where the engineers foregathered; among the chair-tilters who idled in front of the Desert hotel. "The man does not know how to tackle his job!" A levee, and the gate held up! What protection to the towns would be that toy levee if the river should return on one of its spectacular sprees? A levee, and the intake itself not guarded? He was whispered of as incompetent; one of Marshall's clerks. He was given a short time to blow himself out. A bookman, a theorist.

"As well put sentinels a few miles from prison and leave the jail doors open!" This was Wooster's gibe. All saw the Colorado as a marauder at large. "And a little heap of sand stacked up to scare it off! It's a scream!"

Mrs. Hardin found it difficult to meet with diplomacy the confidences which inevitably came her way. As Hardin's wife she was expected to enjoy the universal censure the new man was acquiring. Gerty's light touches, too slight for championship, passed as a sweet charity. Her own position those days was trying. She did not yet know her diplomatic lesson.

Apparently unaware of the talk, Rickard spent the greater part of his time superintending the levee. He could trust no one else to do it, no one unless it were Estrada, who was rushing his steel rails through to the front and was needed there.

Things were moving under his constant goading. The extra pay was showing results. He should be at the heading now, he kept telling himself, but he was convinced that the instant he turned his back, the work on the levee would stop; and all the reasons excellent! Some emergency would be cooked up to warrant the withdrawal of the hands. Chafe as he might at the situation, it was to be guerrilla warfare. Not a fight in the open, he knew how to meet that, but that baffling resistance, the polite silence of the office when he entered—"Well, they'll be doing my way pretty soon, or my name isn't Rickard. That's flat."

He was fretting to be at work, to start the wheels of the O. P.'s vast machinery toward his problem. He knew that that organization, like well-drilled militia, was ready for his call. The call lagged, not that he did not need men, but there was no place ready for them. The camp, that was another rub. There was no camp! It was not equipped for a sudden inflation of men. The inefficiency of the projectors of this desert scheme had never seemed so criminal as when he had surveyed the equipment at the intake. "Get ready first; your tools, your stoves, your beds." That was the training of the good executive, of men like Marshall and MacLean. Nothing to be left to chance; to foresee emergencies, not to be taken by them unaware. The reason of Hardin's downfall was his slipshod habits. How could he be a good officer who had never drilled as a soldier? There was the gap at the intake, Hardin's grotesque folly, widened from one hundred feet to ten times the original cut; widening every day, with neither equipment nor camp adequate to push through a work of half the original magnitude. Cutting away, moreover, was the island, Disaster Island; it had received apt christening by the engineers, its baptismal water the Colorado. The last floods had played with it as though it were a bar of sugar. There was no rock at hand; no rock on the way, no rock ordered. Could anyone piece together such recklessness?

Rickard knew where he would get his rock. Already he had requisitioned the entire output of the Tacna and Patagonia quarries. He had ordered steam shovels to be installed at the quarry back of old Hamlin's. That rock pit would be his first crutch, and the gravel bed—that was a find! As he paced the levee west of the towns, he was planning his campaign. Porter was scouring Zacatecas for men; he himself had offered, as bait, free transportation; the O. P. he knew would back him. He was going to throw out a spur-track from the heading, touching at the quarry and gravel pit, on to the main road at Yuma.

He gathered all the recruits he needed that morning. The Indians, lazy Cocopahs, crept out of their huts to earn a few of the silver dollars held out to them by the new white boss. A few Mexican laborers were bribed to toss up earth to the west of the town. Estrada, at his request, put a squad of his road force at the service of the manager. He could not spare many men.

The railroad had already started the line projected by Hardin to Marshall the year before, a spur across the desert, dipping into Mexico between the lean, restless sandhills, from Calexico to Yuma. The Mexican government had agreed to pay five thousand dollars a mile were the road completed at a certain period. Estrada was keeping his men on the jump to fill the contract, to make his nation pay the price. The completion of the road meant help to the valley; supplies, men, could be rushed through to the break.

In spite of his haunting sense of

pit, on to the main road at Yuma.

He had been observing that he was not taller than her brother. He looked taller. He was lean, and Tom was growing stocky. She wished he would not slouch so, his hands in his pockets! In Tucson, before she knew that she must dislike Rickard, she had had an impression of virile distinction, of grace, a suggestion of mastered muscles. He had known that it was her brother he was supplanting—did he get any satisfaction from the fact that it was the husband of the woman who had jilted him? Anyway, she did not like him. She could never forgive a hurt that was done to her own. She was a Hardin.

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Double track most of the way; sidings every three miles. Rock must be rushed; the trains must be pushed through. He itched to begin. It never occurred to him that, like Hardin, he might fail.

"Though it's no pink tea," he told himself, "it's no picnic." At Tucson he knew that the situation was a grave one, but his talk with Brandon, who knew his river as does a good Indian, made the year a significant, eventful one. Matt Hamlin, too, whose shrewd eyes had grown river-wise, he, too, had had tales to tell of the tricky river, Maldonado, the half-breed, had confirmed their portents while they sat together under his oleander, famous throughout that section of the country. And powerfully had Cornei, the Indian who had piloted Estrada's party across the desert, whom Rickard had met at the Crossing, deeply had he impressed him. The river grew into a malevolent, mocking personality; he could see it a dragon of yellow waters, dragging its slow, sluggish length across the baked desert sands; deceiving men by its inertness; luring the explorer by a mild mood to rise suddenly with its wild fellow, the Gila, sending boat and boatmen to their swift doom.

Rickard was thinking of the half-breed, Maldonado, as he inspected the new stretch of levee between the towns. He had heard from others besides Estrada of the river knowledge of this descendant of trapper and squaw, and had thought it worth while to ride the twenty miles from down the river to talk with him. The man's suavity, his narrow slits of eyes, the lips thin and facile, deep lines of cruelty falling from them, had repelled his visitor. The mystery of the place followed him. Why the "dobe wall" which completely surrounded the small, low dwellings? Why the cautious admittance, the atmosphere of suspicion? Rickard had seen the wife, a frightened shadow of a woman; had seen her flinch when the brute called for her. He had questioned Cornei about the half-breed. He was remembering the wrinkles of contempt on the old Indian's face as he delivered himself of an oracular grunt.

"White man? No. Indian? No! Coyote!"

Though he suspected Maldonado would lie on principle, though it might be that two-thirds of his glib tissue were false, yet a thread of truth coincident with the others, Brandon and Hamlin and Cornei, might be pulled out of his romantic fabric.

"When the waters of the Gila run red look out for trouble!" He doubted that they ever ran red. He would ask Cornei. He had also spoken of a cycle, known to Indians, of a hundredth year, when the Dragon grows restless; this he had declared was a hundredth year.

Following his talk with Maldonado and the accidental happy chance meeting with Cornei at the Crossing Rickard had written his first report to Tod Marshall. Before he had come to the heading he had expected to advise against the completion of the wooden headgate at the Crossing. Hamlin had given him a new viewpoint. There was a fighting chance. And he wanted to be fair. Next to being successful he wanted to be fair.

"It's time to be hearing from Marshall," Rickard was thinking, as he walked back to the hotel. "I wonder what he will say." He felt it had been fair to put it up to Marshall; personally, he would like to begin with a clean slate—begin right. Clumsy work had been done, it was true, yet there were urgent reasons now for haste; and the gate was nearly half done! He had gone carefully over the situation. The heavy snowfall, unprecedented for years, a hundred, according to the Indians—on the Wind Rover mountains—the lakes swollen with ice, the Gila restless, the summer floods yet to be met; perhaps, he now thought, he had been overfair in emphasizing the arguments for the headgate. For the hundred feet were now a thousand feet—yet he had spoken of that to Marshall: "Calculate for yourself the difference in expense since the flood widened the break. It is a vastly different problem now. Disaster Island, which they figured on for an anchor, is a mere pit of corroding sugar in the channel. An infant Colorado could wash it away. However, a lot of work has already been done, and a lot of money spent. There is a fighting chance. Perhaps the bad year is all Indian talk."

A guess, at best, whatever they did! It was pure gamble what the tricky Colorado would do. Anyway, he had given the whole situation to Marshall.

In his box at the hotel was a telegram which had been sent over from the office—from Tod Marshall. "Take the fighting chance. But remember to speak more respectfully of Indians."

"Marshall all over," laughed his subordinate. "Now it's a case of hustle! But dollars to doughnuts, as Junior says, we don't do it!"

Was it Hardin's luck? Rickard scouted the idea and charged it to pure inefficiency. Whatever the cause, fate and Hardin's failure to carry out instructions seemed to have combined to wreck Rickard's plans. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Creatures That Weep.

Among the creatures that weep most easily are the rummants. All hunters know that the stag weeps, and it is asserted that the bear sheds tears when severely wounded. The giraffe is not less sensitive and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it.

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WRIGLEY'S



In the
sealed
package

ASK for, and be **SURE**
to get **WRIGLEY'S**. It's in
a sealed package, but look
for the name—the **Greatest**
Name in Goody-Land.



Sealed Tight—Kept Right

Cute Is the Word.

Ever watch a young thing trying to be dignified while wearing a new spring skirt? Awfully cute the way she has to swing one little tootsie around and get it directly in front of the other one in order to advance eight inches.—Florida Times-Union.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the **Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher** in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

True Genius.

How grateful we are to the man of the world who obeys the morale, as in humility, and in the obligation to serve mankind. True genius always has these inspirations.—Emerson.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets put an end to sick and bilious headaches, constipation, dizziness and indigestion. "Clean house." Adv.

Be a patriot! Don't mar the immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence.

No, Hazel, not all gushing letters are written with a fountain pen.

GOOD-BYE BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

For centuries all over the world **GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil** has afforded relief in thousands upon thousands of cases of lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, gallstones, gravel and all other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs. It acts quickly. It does the work. It cleanses your kidneys and purifies the blood. It makes a new man, a new woman, of you. It frequently wards off attacks of the dread and fatal diseases of the kidneys. It often completely cures the distressing diseases of the organs of the body allied with the bladder and kidneys. Bloody or cloudy urine, sediment, or "brickdust" indicate an unhealthy condition.

Do not delay a minute if your back aches or you are sore across the loins or have difficulty when urinating. Go to your druggist at once and get a

Foresight is better than hindsight, is ever so much cheaper in the long run, and causes less sick headaches.

END INDIGESTION. EAT ONE TABLET

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES ANY DISTRESSED, UPSET STOMACH.

Lumps of undigested food causing pain. When your stomach is acid, gassy, sour, or you have flatulence, heartburn, here is instant relief—No waiting!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all that dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail to make sick, upset stomachs feel fine at once, and they cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Dare a man to do a thing, and if he's a fool he will attempt it.

New Paris Wraps Appeal to Women

Sketched this week is one of the loveliest evening cloaks it is possible to imagine. It is one which was recently designed by Paquin for the peace-conference festivities. The material of this regal wrap was deep smoke-gray charmeuse with a lining of gleaming silver tissue and fringes composed of long silver tassels on the wide, cape sleeves.

The whole thing, writes a Paris correspondent, was so exceedingly original and rich that one felt in the presence of a fairy-queen-garment. And yet the color was so subdued and subtle that the wrap might quite well be worn going to a restaurant dinner or an ordinary theater. It was only when it was thrown open and the dazzling lining revealed that its richness made itself felt.

This is a leading note of many of the new Paris models for evening wear. There are still considerable difficulties connected with getting about in the evening. Quite unexpected people find it necessary to walk to their friend's houses, or even to the theaters, instead of driving, as formerly.

Taxis are few and hard to find. There are still stringent rules connected with private automobiles. The metros and omnibuses are crowded to overflowing, hence the frequent necessity of walking in evening dress. For this reason our best dressmakers are creating evening wraps which can, as indicated, be worn in the street at night without attracting undue notice.

Satins and velvets in soft neutral tints are very much in demand, but the linings of these demure wraps are something to dream about. I have seen gorgeous gold and silver tissues worked over with brilliant silks and beads and then converted into linings for theater coats.

Metallic Threads, Glistening Beads.

I have also seen exquisite effects produced by the introduction of metallic threads and glistening beads on fine Chantilly lace, the latter being mounted over an underlining of bright-hued silk. The outline of the Paquin wrap is very new and it represents the latest notion of a famous dress artist. As you will see, the sleeves are so wide that they give the impression of capes, while the collar is exaggeratedly large and vague in outline.

This model would look charming if copied in black, with black jet tassels as a fringe for the sleeves and a lining of some bright-colored satin or brocade, or it might be made of a soft camel's hair cloth, the jet tassels being retained and a lining of Chinese blue satin being introduced. I saw a driving wrap fashioned on very much the same lines as the model here illustrated.

In this case the material was pale beige cashmere, with a lining of beige cashmere, with a lining of beige cashmere.



Beautiful Evening Cloak in Deep Smoke-Gray Charmeuse Lined With Silver Tissue. Long Silver Tassels.

caded silk which showed blue flayers on a dull rose ground; there was a heavy fringe of beige silk tassels on either sleeve and a large roll-over collar of beaver fur. An admirable driving wrap, I can assure you.

The second model, full-length figure, shows a quaint early spring wrap made of Venetian red bure, with a row of gray bone buttons down one side and handsome embroideries worked in rough gray wool. This is a Beer model and one which has been greatly admired. The outline is simple, the wrap falling in long straight lines, but the sleeves are distinctly novel in outline, spreading out at the wrist in leg-o-mutton fashion.

Collar Muffles the Neck.

Here again you have a "vague," very large collar which muffles up the neck and makes a delightful frame for the face. The combination of Venetian red and gray is very fashionable just now. It is seasonable and cheerful, two excellent qualities. In Worth's

showrooms I recently saw a splendid driving wrap made of Venetian red camel's-hair cloth which had a deep cape-collared and a lining of tete de negre satin embroidered in black, white and dull blue silks.

This wrap was very long, reaching to the hem of the dress, and at the shoulders it seemed ample, even unusually hunchy; but the hem hung in about the ankles and gave the peculiar outline which is typical of 1919.

A lovely young actress—one of the adored beauties of Paris—had just launched a most effective novelty. This novelty takes the form of a thick cord, with long tassel, of bright scarlet silk.



Quaint Early Spring Wrap in Venetian Red Bure, With Handsome Embroideries of Rough Gray Wool.

In front there was an antique ornament, in plaque form, suspended from the cord, and at the back a big tassel weighted it down and made a splendid flash of color. This idea was taken from the scarlet cords and tassels worn by choir boys in some churches on ceremonial occasions.

The color of the cord and tassel was the brightest and most vivid scarlet, the ornament in front being of an antique nature, with a slight suggestion of "church" in its composition. On the head was one of the new cut jet bands which are placed very low on the forehead, almost touching the brows, and which completely circle the head and hair. The best cut jet is used for these pretty bands.

Draw Hair Right Off Forehead.

It becomes more and more the fashion to draw the hair right off the forehead and to arrange it very high on the top of the head, the only soft curls showing being those which thrust themselves forward over the ears. This style of headdress is very distinguished but rather trying to any one who is not possessed of a small nose and pretty profile. But all sorts of women, with all sorts of profiles, are adopting the fashion of drawing the hair away from the forehead, severely. And nowdays the hair is only very lightly waved, if waved at all. Side by side with this fashion we have a revival of "cropt" effects, the sort of headdress that Mrs. Vernon Castle has made so fashionable.

The hair is not really cut short, but it is skillfully tucked away at either side to give a cropt outline. "Head-ache bands" are again very popular; quite large bands of soft silk or metallic tissue which are folded round the head and tied at one side in a coquetish bow.

Craze for Jet Earrings.

There is a craze for ultralong jet earrings raging in Paris at this moment. Thin, finely cut jet pear drops, suspended from miniature chains of diamonds or seed pearls. These earrings are so long that they touch the neck. They are exceedingly decorative and with certain afternoon and evening dresses they give splendid results.

I am not in favor of long earrings in the day time, in the street; nevertheless they are the fashion, and it is a fashion which seems likely to develop into an absolute rage. Cut jet in various forms is popular just now. At a recent important "first night" I saw a well-known Parisian beauty wearing a high dog collar made entirely of cut jet, and this with a fragile costume of palest rose chiffon. The strong touch of black was rather startling, but the ensemble was good, the note of jet being repeated in a square comb which held the high loops of fair hair in place. Cut-jet plaques attached to black silk cords are often thrown over a light-colored house dress, a long black silk tassel hanging low at the back.

The Crepe De Chine Skirt.

Crepe de chine is a favorite material for the silk hobble skirt which is slashed and has deep borders of petal or shirred ruchings.

COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

It's Grandmother's Recipe to keep her locks Dark, Glossy, Beautiful.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the russy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. Adv.

Isn't it queer how many old friends an industrious man has.

DON'T DRUG KIDNEYS RUB BACKACHE AWAY

Instant relief! Rub pain, soreness and stiffness from your back with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Kidneys cause backache? No! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment." Rub it right on the ache or tender spot, and instantly the pain, soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Liniment" from your druggist and immerse up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache, sciatica or lumbago pain. "St. Jacobs Liniment" stops any pain at once. It is harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

It's the only application to rub on a weak, lame or painful back, or for lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, sprains or a strain.—Adv.

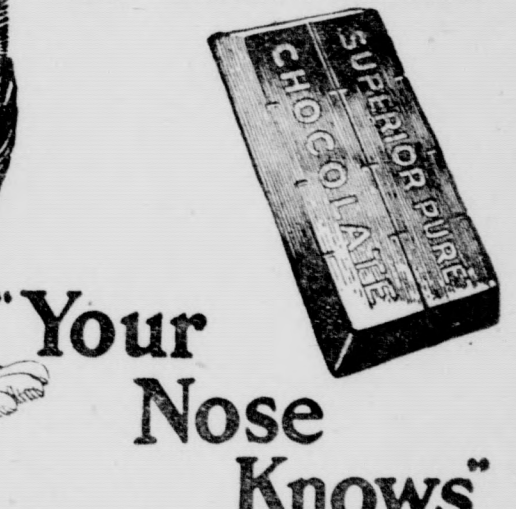
The budding mustache of youth frequently gets twisted.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash 3x in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

The best sovereignty is in the mind.



A Dash of Chocolate



"Your Nose Knows"

All foods are flavored to make them palatable. All smoking tobaccos are treated with some flavoring for the same reason. But there is a big difference in the **Quality** and **kind** of tobacco flavorings. Tuxedo, the finest of properly aged burley tobacco, uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—**chocolate!** That is why **"Your Nose Knows"** Tuxedo from all other tobaccos—by its delicious pure fragrance.

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.

"Your Nose Knows"

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



WHY NOT TRY IT?

Any farmer who raises grades would realize larger profits if he raised purebred Short-horns. They don't require any more room, nor any more feed, nor any better care than the low grades should have. But they sell for more money. A Kansas farmer produced 34 head from one registered Short-horn cow in 12 years. Two brothers in Wisconsin produced 119 head from one in 14 years. The value comes up when you're breeding purebreds. American Short-horn Breeders' Association, 11 Dexter Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Coughing
Is annoying and harmful. Relieve throat irritation, tickling and get rid of cough, colds and hoarseness at once by taking

PISO'S

Man may be made of dust—but he always wants a little bit more.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murline Eye Remedy
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURLINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

BOY SCOUTS NEWS

-Edwin Ward, Editor.

We held our regular meeting last Friday evening. We had to wait for our refreshments while a boy ran home for some sugar for the lemonade.

There will not be a scout meeting tonight.

Grandma Pegler gave us a stereoscope with a fine lot of pictures which we appreciate very much.

Some of the scouts have been working in gardens and cleaning yards, earning money for club room expenses. We'd like more jobs of that kind.

Phone the News office if you have work for one or more boy scouts and they will bring the message to our club rooms.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes

On Monday afternoon, April 28th, Mrs. Mable Willibrandt, attorney, member of the Professional Woman's club of Los Angeles, will address the members of the Sierra Madre Woman's club at the club rooms at three o'clock. Her subject will be "Present Legislation," and we hope no club member will feel that she can afford to miss this opportunity to hear this subject discussed by one so capable as Mrs. Willibrandt.

On Friday evening, April 25, there will be one of the usual bi-monthly dances, given by the Woman's club. The colored orchestra will furnish their usual jazzy music, and will play from 8:30 to 12 o'clock. Light refreshments will be served and a cordial invitation is extended to those who love to trip the light fantastic toe. Any persons wishing to play cards may do so.

On the evening of May 12th the Woman's club will favor the citizens of Sierra Madre with another one of its interesting evening sessions, at which time Harry Williams, war correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, will give an address. His subject being, "From Paris to Brussels, by the Way of the Argonne-Ypres." This will be an open meeting and we are announcing it this week, to give you something good to look forward to in the near future.

Be Kind and Patient.

There is more special price requisite and manifest in watchful perseverance in little kindnesses and habitual patience at home, in abstinence from conversational disparagement of others, and in resistance to habits of sloth and undue self-indulgence in private life than in the performance of great public duties under the observation of multitudes.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

By Annie M. Green

On Friday afternoon, April 18 an interesting meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the parlor of the Congregational church with an attendance of twenty. A reception followed in honor of Mrs. E. Wood Davis.

Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Rodelle served delicious refreshments.

Mrs. Wood Davis left Tuesday for her home at Mount Hermon. She will be greatly missed, as wherever she is, there is something doing. Her most recent interest is in "Americanization." Mrs. Leroy accompanied Mrs. Wood Davis North, she is to spend some time with her daughter at Oakland.

Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, have together edited a booklet called "The Little White Slave," meaning the cigarette, and it is free to anyone sending postage for it, to Mr. Henry Ford, Detroit, Mich. It gives the testimony of doctors, teachers and men of large experience as to the enslaving power of this habit, and the lowering of efficiency, to every youth who becomes enslaved by it. Both of these men of affairs refuse to employ a youth who uses the cigarette; as in every case, they have found them weak in purpose, prone to equivocate untrustworthy and without nerve or proper heart action. In view of all this, let us shield our young people from this deadly habit.

Why Busy People Have Leisure.

They say that the busiest people have the most time to give in service to others, can turn clear attention to a new subject at an instant's notice. This is simple because the busiest people, the ones who are accomplishing the most, have learned the art of prompt action, of quick dismissal of what has to be done. They can give you at any moment undivided attention because their minds are clear and ready.

ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE?

(Form page one)

things, none of these are over—only the fighting is over.

It is humiliating to be compelled to note that the Victory Loan is dragging in Sierra Madre, whose proud boast has always been, "We always go over the top, and with a surplus, in patriotic campaigns."

Shall we fail to get our quota in this the last, but perhaps the most important "drive" for expense money? Shall we say to our boys "You did your part nobly, but we don't feel disposed to do ours." Can you look the returning soldiers in the face and shake their hands unless you are the owner of a V bond?

Come on people, hand in your subscription. We know you are patriotic we know your hearts are right. Wake up, and do your duty.

MINATURE SHOWN AT SEATTLE EXHIBITION

Minatures and other work from the brush of Miss Ella Shepard Bush have spread the fame of Sierra Madre afar in art circles. One of her minatures is now being shown in the exhibition by the Seattle Society of Fine Arts. Miss Bush resided in Seattle a long time and is well known there. Among other work done there was the painting of several large portraits of state officials, on commission from the state of Washington, to be hung in the state house.

The miniature now being shown has been seen and greatly admired by Sierra Madre friends of Miss Bush. Madge Bailey, a leading art critic of Seattle, writes of it:

"The miniature 'Belaustion' portrays the Greek girl of Browning's poem of the same name. She wears a costume of simple lines, with a scarlet pomegranate blossom in her hair, giving the high key of color. This is one of the best examples of the work of Ella Shepard Bush and has been exhibited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, at the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters at Philadelphia, and also at the Portland Art Association and art exhibitions in Los Angeles and Pasadena."

The same article mentions the fact that the exhibition was in charge for one day of Miss Agnes Bush, niece of Miss Ella S. Bush, of Sierra Madre. Miss Agnes Bush is represented in the exhibition by three paintings entitled "Among the Sierra Madres," "Scenic Point Vista," and "Mountains and Eucalyptus."

Miss Bush has been recently commissioned to paint two minatures, which will be eagerly awaited by admirers of her work.

ST. RITA'S CHURCH PARTY

The ladies of St. Rita's church have every reason to congratulate themselves on the splendid success of their entertainment given last Monday evening at the Woman's Club house.

The program started with a few introductory remarks by Rev. Father Woodcutter, who acted as chairman for the evening, welcoming the distinguished gathering in the name of the ladies.

Card playing then commenced with twenty-five tables being occupied. Five Hundred and Bridge being the games indulged in, with the following ladies and gentlemen being the prize winners:

For the game of "500", first ladies' prize, Mrs. L. Dietz; second ladies' prize, Mrs. M. D. Welsher; first gentleman's prize, Mr. W. E. Walker; second gentleman's prize Mr. L. Dietz. The prize for Bridge was awarded to Mrs. E. Rhodes.

The second part of the evening's program consisted of instrumental and vocal music, executed with their well known ability by the following local talent:

Piano solo, Valse Caprice, Mrs. Orville Kellogg.

Vocal selection, The Auld Plaid Shawl, Mrs. Donald Ashmore.

Whistling, Invitation, with encore, Dear Little Boy, Miss Nina Kellogg.

Vocal selection, Sweet Little Woman of Mine, Miss Minette Wanstath.

Following the musical program, a delicious luncheon was served, which was heartily enjoyed by all and on which many flattering comments were heard.

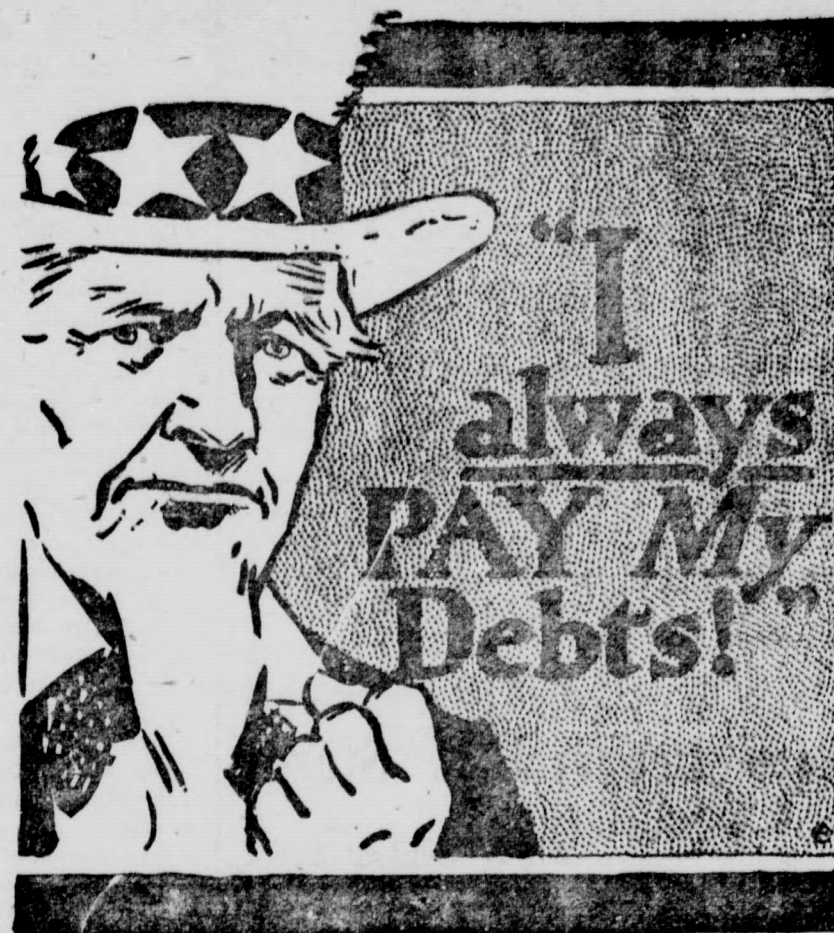
The evening's entertainment was wound up by several hours' indulgence in dancing, not only by the young people, but by many others as well.

All during the evening favorable expressions were heard as to the enjoyable evening being spent by all and as to the thorough organization by the ladies' committee. Also the wish was expressed by many that the ladies of St. Rita who started their series of entertainments so auspiciously, would soon again favor us with a similar treat.

"V"



DO THE MOVIE PLAYS ALWAYS END LIKE THIS?



Coming Back

America is proud of them—the whole world is proud of them. They finished their part of the job with a courage and daring best described by Marshal Foch in these words to General Pershing before the battle of the Argonne:

"Your men have the devil's own punch. They will get away with all that. Go to it."

How proud of them are you?

THE AMOUNT OF
THE VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN
YOU SUBSCRIBE
Measures your pride in them.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Deliveries on Signed Orders

Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, Prop.

A Forced Sale

-O F-

Residence Lots at Half Value

\$125.00 Per Lot and Up

A non-resident client has ordered us to sell FIFTEEN FINE LOTS between Highland and Grand View, and Lima and Grove at PRICES FROM \$125 up, according to location. Lots owned by other parties in this block are held at \$750. These lots are beautiful building lots and have been held at about double the price at which they are now offered. Pressing need of money is the reason.

We recommend this as a splendid investment and one of the greatest bargains we have ever offered the public, and confidently believe these lots may be resold at a FIFTY PER CENT PROFIT.

Street improvements are all in on Highland, Lima and Grand View. Consult us now and get first choice of these bargains.

Andrews & Hawks

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

EXCHANGE PHONE 2

SIERRA MADRE, CAL.